THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

SPEAK KINDLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY SOPHIA WEBSTER

Speak kindly, speak kindly, ye know not the power
Of a soft and gentle word,
As its tones in a sad and trouble hour
By the weary heart is heard
Ye know not how often it fails to bless
The stranger amid his weariness.
How many a blessing is round the unknown
By the magic spell of a soft low tone
Then kindly, kindly, kindly, there's nothing lost
Like gentle words—to the heart and ear
Oh! how sad and lonely they're dear, how dear—
And they nothing cost

Speak kindly to childhood. Oh do not fling
A cloud o'er life's early sky!
But cherish it well—a holy thing
Is the heart in its purity
Enough of sorrow the cold world hath
Enough of care in its later path;
And ye do a wrong if ye seek to throw
O'er the fresh young spirit a shade of woe.
Speak kindly, then, kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of joyous childhood they're dear, how dear—
And they nothing cost

Speak kindly to age—a weary way
Is the rough and toilsome road of life;
And one by one its joys decay,
And its hopes go out 'mid its lengthened strife
Oh how often the word that is kindly spoken
Will bind up the heart that is well nigh broken
Then pass not the feeble and aged one
With a careless air and a sleight cold tone
But kindly speak, kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the care-worn and weary they're dear, how dear—
And they nothing cost

Speak kindly to those who are haughty and cold.
Ye know not the thoughts that are hoarded there,
Ye know not the feelings that struggle untold—
Oh, every heart hath its burden of care:
And the curl of the lip, and the scorn of the eye,
Are often a bitter mockery
When a bursting heart its grief would hide
From the eye of the world with a veil of pride
Speak kindly, then, kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the proud and haughty they're often dear,
And they nothing cost

Speak kindly ever—oh, cherish well
The light of a gentle tone
It will fling round life pathway a magic spell,
A charm that is all its own
But see that it spring from a gentle heart,
That it need not the hollow veil to act
Let it gush in its joyous purity,
From its home in the heart all glad and free
Speak kindly, then, kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of all who hear them they're dear, how dear
And they nothing cost

Pictures of Life.

THE PENALTIES OF DISTINCTION.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Whoever is born to greatness, "sains greatness, or has greatness thrust upon him," doomed to pay the penalties of distinction in some one or other of the multifarious forms in which the "ism" the possessor of name and fame. Perhaps among all my countrymen I stand out most prominent and am known most extensively. The curious exercise, that of the penalties to which I have just alluded, I have more to bear than is ordinarily the lot of man. Let me, without further introduction, give the history of a brief period of trial, which is quite as fair a sample of years, as one of the blocks in squares of Philadelphia is to the whole rectangular city.

One morning, after finishing my breakfast, I sat down to the enjoyment of a newspaper, and had got about midway into an article that interested me very much, when I was informed that there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked of the servant.

"I do not know sir," was replied.

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No sir."

"Not send up his card?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. Tell him I will be down in a few minutes."

I tried to finish the article, but the thought of who this visiter was, as well as what his business might be, kept thrusting itself in between the ideas I was endeavoring to comprehend, and so entirely destroying their connexion one with the other, that I understood little or nothing of what I was reading. So I threw down the paper and descended to the parlor. There I found an individual to whom I was a perfect stranger. He arose on my entrance, bowed down, and then with a very serious face and serious voice, went on to tell his business.

"I hope, sir," he said, "that you will pardon the liberty a perfect stranger presumes to take. Nothing but necessity could drive me to do what I am now doing. I find myself, unfortunately, away from home and entirely out of funds. In a strange city, sir, this is a very unhappy condition for any one to be in as you may well suppose. All last night I spent in thinking about what I should do. You, sir, are well known every where. Your name is familiar to every ear from the St. John's to the Colorado. It is not to be wondered at that I, finding myself in the city where you reside, should instinctively turn towards you as to the one most likely to aid me in my extremity. The thought of trespassing upon a person so distinguished as yourself, whose time must necessarily be much occupied was painful, and I resisted it for a good while. But no other resource offered itself, and I at last resolved to come. I reside in the South. My father is Col. H——, of whom you have doubtless heard."

I bowed, for his father's name was quite familiar to me.

"In this unfortunate position, sir, I must beg of you the loan of thirty dollars, which will barely pay my expenses home. The moment I arrive there, I will return it to you with both my own and my father's cordial thanks for the kindness."

Now what could I do? The young man's appearance and address was good, and his father was a man of standing at the South. But thirty dollars was not a small sum for me, distinguished as I am, and familiar as my name is from the St. John's to the Colorado. The fact is, I could not spare that much without great inconvenience. For me to say "no" to the young man was impossible. I thought of his father, and how it would sound to him when his son informed him, that I, John Smith, had refused so small a favor to him in his pressing extremity; and I thought of my own son under like circumstances. These two thoughts settled the matter. I put my hand into my pocket, slowly drew out my purse, counted out thirty dollars and handed it to the young man. He clutched it eagerly, and, overwhelming me with thanks, retired.

"So much for distinction," I said, with a sigh, when left alone. "So much for being known from the St. John's to the Colorado. If I ever see my thirty dollars again, I will be lucky."

I never was lucky in that portion of, certainly, fat fruits that day to this I have not nothing at the son of Col. H——.

When I returned to my newspaper I had lost all relish for its contents.

My profession—no matter, however, what my profession—The reader, I presume, is not very curious on this subject. An hour after, I was sitting in my office, when a person entered, took off his hat, and bowing with formal politeness, handed me a letter. I asked him to be seated, and then breaking the seal, read as follows

"JOHN SMITH, Esq.,

"*My Dear Sir*

"Permit me to introduce to your acquaintance my very particular friend, William Wilson, who visits the East partly for pleasure and partly on business. He is an artist by profession, and has some thought of taking rooms in your city and remaining for a few months. His talents are of the first order, and have won for him an enviable reputation in this region of country. Any attentions that you may show him, or any aid you can give him in coming properly before the public, I shall appreciate as a favor done to myself. Pardon the liberty I take in thus trespassing upon you while yet personally a stranger. But by reputation, we are both well known to each other, and are, therefore, in reality, not strangers.

"Most truly and cordially yours,

"JOHN JONES."

As in duty bound, I arose, took Mr. Wilson by the hand, and shaking it heartily, said that I was most happy to make his acquaintance, and would gladly do any thing in my power to serve his interests.

"How long have you been in the city?" I asked.

"Since yesterday. I arrived in the afternoon train from Baltimore."

"Have you visited any of our public places?" I inquired.

"No, sir, not yet," was replied.

I had no time to spare from my regular pursuits for visiting Fairmount, Girard College, The Prison and other noted places, but as Mr. Wilson was consigned to my care by an individual standing so high as Mr. John Jones, I felt that these attentions were due to him, and the least I could pay. So I offered to be his attendant, on the next day, over the city and to the notable localities in the vicinity. My tender was accepted with thanks.

After occupying my time for about an hour, Mr. Wilson retired, I promising to call upon him at nine o'clock on the next morning.

According to agreement, I showed Mr. Wilson the lions of our city, and exerted myself for his entertainment, trying all the while to think of the easy, real favor I was conferring upon the celebrated John Jones. Mr. Wilson proved to be a very interesting person; at least so to me. He expressed his wonder at every thing he saw in a few set phrases, but did not show any general intelligence.

After seeing most that was to be seen, I passed him a new complimentary invitation to go home and take dinner with me, which he, much to my disappointment, accepted. For a stranger at dinner, I knew my wife was not prepared. But it could not be helped. Mr. Wilson dined with me, and set half of the afternoon.

On the next day he called and wished two hours more of my time; and this he did, regularly, for a week, until I declined his application for the loan of a hundred dollars, when he became offended, and never came near me afterwards.

"So much for distinction!" I said to myself, when Mr. Wilson left me in evident displeasure at my refusal to grant his little request. "If I were some unknown individual—some plain Jeremiah Higgenbottom, or Alfred Tompkins, no one would think of annoying me in this way."

Not long after the visitation of Mr. Wilson, I received, through the post office, a communication from an individual who represented himself to be an Englishman in distress. My name and fame, he said, had crossed the Atlantic, and he therefore felt as if he knew me and had a certain claim upon me more than upon any other individual. Finally, he asked me to send him, through the post office, two or three pounds sterling, to enable him to reach a certain place named, where he expected to receive employment; of course he promised to return the money. But, of course, I did not send it.

Other upon this followed a much more modest request. It came, (likewise through the post office,) from a man who said that he had known me when a boy. That, in fact, we had been schoolmates and playfellows. He went on to enumerate incidents and name persons, which left no doubt upon my mind that what he said was true. Then he stated that he was away from home, without work and without money, and begged me to send him a small sum of two dollars, with which he could pay his passage back to his native city where he had friends. I sent him the money he asked.

"So much more paid for distinction!" I sighed, as I sealed and directed the letter containing a two dollar bill.

The next application I had, was somewhat varied.

"Mr. Smith," said a servant, coming to the door, while I sat at dinner; "there's a gentleman and lady down stairs who wishes to see you."

"A gentleman and lady?"

"Yes, sir."

I arose from the table, though my meal was but half finished, and went down to the parlor. "A gentleman and lady wish to see me?" I had misgivings that all was not to be as I could wish. In the parlor I found a man and woman, both dressed and would suffer death itself rather than ask a favor of any one. But," and he glanced towards his wife, "there are circumstances in which a man may be placed, that compel him to sacrifice all personal considerations."

My feelings were touched. I looked from the fine face of the young man, that was full of anguish, to the drooping, shrinking figure of his wife, and felt that I was called upon, by every consideration of humanity, to render aid.

"I have but one excuse," resumed the stranger, "for troubling you, and that is, the fact that you stand out so prominently from your fellow citizens, that all eyes fall upon you first. I hesitated long before making this application, for it seemed so like taking advantage of your distinguished position. But something told me that to you I must come if I sued for aid. I will not presume to tax your kindness to any serious extent. I will not ask you to lend me enough money to take us home, but only suffice it to pay our passage to the next city, where I will seek from some humane individual a little further assistance, and so find the means of getting back to the old place. Ten dollars, sir, is all I feel that I dare ask for."

"That you shall have," I replied, with promptness.

A gleam of light passed over the man's sad face, and the woman made a sudden movement, that expressed relief of mind.

Touched with the sad history, and especially effected by the presence of the mournful figure of the woman, I was moved to do more than grant the request just made. I offered to see some friends and collect a sum sufficient to meet the entire cost of their passage home.

Time I did, and on the next day had the pleasure of presenting the unfortunate couple with sixty dollars, for which I received the deepest expressions of gratitude.

On the next day I was called upon by a friend, who occupied a prominent place before the public, to subscribe something to help send a poor man and his wife home to their friends. On close enquiry, I discovered that they were the same individuals to whom I had given ten dollars, and collected fifty besides. As their tale of destitution had been told on that very day, the fact of their being impostors was clear. All my doubts on the subject had vanished. They were fully dispelled before a day passed, to my extreme vexation of spirits. Imposture I cannot bear. It frets me terribly.

"So much for my position!"

There was some little satisfaction in saying this, and so I said it.

The incidents I have related are a mere sample, and hardly a fair one of what my position subjects me to. I meet with all sorts of applications from a distance and at home. One day a letter will come for mail, postage, perhaps, unpaid, asking for information that it would take hours, perhaps days to obtain. Another will come, some desperate creditor sends me an account against somebody, asking of me, as a particular favor, that I will place it in the hands of an officer for collection. Instead of sending such accounts back, I have, in two or three instances, given them to collectors, and then been compelled to receive and answer half a dozen letters on the subject. Failing to answer these letters has generally subjected me to sound abuse for my want of common politeness and attention. In one instance an acknowledgment of a debt was sent to me, with a request that, as a great favor, I would hand it to a lawyer to sue out the claim. I declined. From an individual who represented himself to be an Englishman in distress. My name and fame, he said, had crossed the Atlantic, and he therefore felt as if he knew me and had a certain claim upon me more than upon any other individual. Finally, he asked me to send him, through the post office, two or three pounds sterling, to enable him to reach a certain place named, where he expected to receive employment; of course he promised to return the money. But, of course, I did not send it.

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Original Poetry.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am sorry has conquered, let joy raise her pean!
Illumine the isles of our country to-night!
We welcome the soldier who brings the glad tidings
The soldier all fresh from the glorious fight

Now bright glow the glasses, and proud hearts are beating—
He tells of the prowess of each gallant band,
And now with dismay the strong foe is retreating
As tearing the bands of its wounded hand

Now swell the loud pæan more and spread the broad pennine
Yon give every stripe every star to the breeze
For now is our army, our navy victorious—
Its merit to rejoice at such tidings as these!

But listen—these vibrates with each undulation
A tone that once heard is forgotten no more
The wail of the widow and orphan so lonely
For those who have died on the battle-stained shore

Beside their lone bed is no glory-gaudying willow
The mountain alone keep the watch through the night
And none but revealing the sad desolation
Makes melodise again the alleviating of light

Hartford, 1847. BELL.

THE FIRST WEDDING.

Major Noah, thus pleasantly and philosophically discourses upon the first wedding. He says—We all know courtships, and in his, Adam acted like a sensible man—he felt asleep a bachelor and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Miss Eve, and she without flirtation or shyness gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in the world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes, in a poetical mood wished we were the man what did it. But, the deed is done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there, no cranking old cousin; no chatting aunts and gossiping grandmothers. The birds of Heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its lights upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us in spite of its Scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married; some two or three days old according to the sages elder; without experience, without a home, a pot or kettle; nothing but love and Eden."

Selected Tale.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY OF THE JUNIATA.

A TRUE TALE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

A moonlight night, in a forest, on the northern part of Virginia; many lights gleaming in the distance. But what am I about? I beg your pardon, my sober-minded reader, for my theatrical commencement. The truth of the matter is, I just "dropped in" at the play, the other night, and my head is even now full of the vain things which I there saw and heard. But I should not seek to give stage effect to the really-authentic tale which I am about to relate to you, and which I only desire to "tell as it was told to me." So, to begin again, soberly and in order:—It was a glorious June night, some fifteen years ago, when Henry Elbridge, the younger son of a rich and aristocratic Virginian family, rode up a rocky pathway, which wound through one of the magnificent forests of the "Old Dominion." He was superbly mounted, and followed, at a little distance, by a black groom. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, he checked his horse, and an exclamation of wondering delight escaped his lips. The forest far behind him was lit up as for a festival, and a multitude of snowy tents were pitched beneath the trees, gleaming through the over-hanging branches. A crowd of people, of all ages and conditions, were lifting up the voice of prayer and praise in that grand cast cathedral of nature's God—the gorgeous wood, with its lofty, ragged pillars, and its thousand "soaring arches."

It was that most unique, that most wildly-beautiful of scenes, a Methodist camp-meeting at night. Having, on a new spectacle to our hero; for, though born in Virginia, he had been educated in New England, having but just graduated at Harvard. He was an ardent, enthusiastic, intellectual young man, with a heart peculiarly impressible in matters of love and religion. He had been led by curiosity alone to witness the scene which he now contemplated with so lively an interest.

At the close of the prayer and hymn he dismounted, and approached nearer to the preacher's stand—a rude platform erected on the highest part of the ground. Taking rather a retired position, himself, carelessly leaning against a patriarchal oak, and folding his arms, he awaited the discourse. The preacher, the celebrated Dr. ——, had not yet arrived; but presently a hush of respectful expectation fell upon the assembly, as a train of imposing forms, and massive features, ascended the platform. He commenced in a manner calmly impressive, but soon his impassioned and ever-moistening eloquence awoke within him, in might and grandeur. His dark eye flashed with lovely depths—his every word seemed freighted with solemn meaning—the very tones of his voice pierced the heart, sounding like, through the double armor of pride and unbelief. His theme was the crucifixion of our Lord; and, as he proceeded, the groans of the strong man, and the cries of women, attested the power of the orator and the subject. Roused by the mighty spell of truth, genius evoked, stood young Elbridge, the burning exhortations of the speaker falling like a storm of fire on his overwhelmed and shrinking spirit. Every sin, every error, every unworthy act of his life, seemed passing in dread review before him—his features became convulsed, his head bowed, and his breast heaved tumultuously. He longed to behold the smiling face of our Lord Master—the crown of thorns, the instrument of scourge, the spear, the cup of gall—all the human suffering, and divine meekness of that life-giving death; and, while his heart was rent with anguish unspeakable, a flood of despair, like a wave from the sea of eternal wrath, swept over his soul: he raised his clasped hands, cried frantically, "For me, He died! for me, for me!" and fell prostrate. He had swooned.

When he revived he was lying on a seat, his head supported by his servant; and beside him stood the preacher, whose exhortations had so stirred up the deep recesses of his soul. Some fifteen hundred souls were gathered around him, and the glad sky flung its lights upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us in spite of its Scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married; some two or three days old according to the sages elder; without experience, without a home, a pot or kettle; nothing but love and Eden."

CHAPTER II.

I will not dwell on the storm of opposition which was raised in the proud family of the Elbridges, when, a few weeks subsequent to the event narrated in the foregoing chapter, Henry announced his intention of preparing for the ministry, after having been admitted to the church. The young enthusiast middly, but firmly, resisted both entreaty and ridicule,—his paternal mother's and sister's reproaches, and the sneers of his father and brothers, at "ranting, canting, beggarly Methodist parsons." With a strength and determination which angered those who would deter him, he resolutely trod the rugged and undeviating path of duty. Diligently and prayerfully he fitted himself for his sacred office; and at the age of twenty-three was stationed as a regular preacher in a romantic part of the valley of the Juniata. He had heard much of the natural beauty of that portion of the country, and was all ardor and hopefulness in contemplation of his pleasant duties, as the shepherd who should watch and lead the flock of the faithful, scattered through those wild regions. But alas! he soon found that he had dropped down among a set of semi-barbarians, in manners, prejudices, habits and religion. Sensitive and refined, reared in luxury, and of a delicate physical organization, what regrets did the young clergyman pursue, when made aware of the erroneous ideas he had formed of the location to which he had been appointed! Why, he made up his mind to labor as a missionary, cheerlessly, and ardently until a better state of things was established, in his congregation at least. This he found to consist almost altogether of the ruining Methodists, whose fits of religious feeling were accompanied by shoutings and violent convulsions. In their meetings it was not deemed out of order for singing, praying, and exhorting to go on simultaneously; and he or she was the best saint, whose voice rose loudest or shrillest. Gently, and gradually, by the influences of love and reason, did Elbridge bring about his much-needed reform: and before a year had passed, a decent quietness reigned over his religious meetings.

There was one female preacher, however, whose frequent and singular exhortations continued a somewhat considerable annoyance to Elbridge. In her "inklings forth," she invariably began by a powerful appeal to the sinner's people, expressing a fervent desire to behold "a ferguson from the quiver of gospel truth piercing their stubborn hearts," and closed with an admonition to the backsliders and sinners "never to turn aside to pluck the flowers that grow in sweet's garden," but to "get serious until they should land on the other side of everlasting deliverance, Amen."

Poor Elbridge found it vain for him to attempt putting a spell upon a woman's tongue when "set on fire of" zeal.

There was also one of the brethren who offered a stout breast to the flood of innovation. This was a good old father in Israel, who had for many years been a class-leader, and was, therefore, a privileged person. He rejoiced in a low-browed set of utility of figure, and a round, funny face, irresistibly laughter-exciting in one of his calling. His seat was directly in front of the desk, whence his responses were most frequent and inopportune. At every "Amen," which he uttered with a loud, sonorous voice, he brought his heavy walking-stick to the floor, in a most striking and emphatic manner. Having been interrupted and confused until his patience was exhausted, our hero of the white neckcloth sought his hearer, and, with kind persuasion, and by reasoning against his mal-apropos responses, wrung from him a promise of future forbearance. It happened that Elbridge's next discourse was a remarkably fine one, and it was with evident difficulty, from the first, that the "stout gentleman" controlled his *amenity*. Warmer and warmer waxed the preacher, more and more eloquent, until it was too much for Methodist nature to bear, and the old man brought down his stick, louder than ever, and shouted boldly, "Amen, hit or miss!"

I need hardly say that Elbridge did not attempt to "deal" with his "unruly member."

CHAPTER III.

When Elbridge had been a few months in the valley of the Juniata, he was called to administer spiritual consolation to a woman dying of consumption. A small lad, with a slight Irish brogue, and eyes awoken with weeping, poorly, but cleanly dressed, conducted him two or three miles up the valley, to a house built of logs, but as neat as a cottage ornee, and nestled in the most lovely shrubbery. Elbridge could scarcely believe this to be the home of James Blair, the wretched inebriate whom he had often remarked, staggering from barroom doors, or lying by the way-side in a state of brutal intoxication.

When he entered, the dying woman was sitting upright in bed, supported by a young girl whom he had before seen at his meetings, and noticed for the Madonna-like sweetness and purity of her countenance. This was Elizabeth Blair, the eldest daughter of the house. Her sister, an exceedingly beautiful girl of fourteen or fifteen, stood at her side, weeping passionately. The husband and father, for once in his right mind, was kneeling at the bedside, his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame quivering with convulsive sobs. Opposite, stood Dr. N——, a young physician, late from Harrisburg, already, partially known to Elbridge.

To his joy the clergyman found that his ministrations were only needed by the husband and children; the wife and mother awaited with fearless and saint-like serenity the swift coming of the angel of death. In the brief conversation which he had with her, he saw that she was remarkably intelligent for one in her situation, and possessed of the clearest and truest understanding of spiritual things.

At the close of a simple and fervent prayer, the sufferer beckoned her younger children to draw nearer, kissed them tenderly, and in dim murmured,—"Elizabeth, your mother—now." Then, for the first time, James Blair looked up, and in a voice husky with remorseful anguish, exclaimed,

"Forgive me, Mary, before you go!"

Alas! the power of speech had left the poor wronged wife, but she stretched out her thin hand and laid it tenderly on the head of her repentant husband, and then let it glide down upon his neck. He understood the action, and drew closer to her; she bent forward, pressed her cold lips to his, and so died.

On his return to his boarding-house, Elbridge ascertained, to his surprise, that the family with whom he was domesticated were nearly related to the Blairs. Philip Denny, his host, the only brother of the late Mrs. Blair, was one of the wealthiest men in the valley; but, though unlovely externally, had the reputation of great penuriousness. He had but one child, a daughter, and, as she is to be an unimportant character in this "simple story," it is time she was known to my reader. So, my dear sir, or madame, allow me to present to you Miss Katherine Denny,—no beauty and belle for many miles up and down the valley of the Juniata. She was a superb creature—a perfect Irish Juno—with the queenliest of forms, the haughtiest of gaits, and the blackest eyes conceivable, out of which flashed a fire, beautiful, but dangerous, like lightning from a moonlight cloud. Katherine had been for some while the pastor and idol of the society in that region, and had won for herself the name of being an arch-coquette. But soon after the advent of that same arch, a minister, young, rich, and handsome, she became, to the great dismay of her worldly admirers, suddenly serious. She cut the vain bows from her bonnet, and the equally vain beaux at her side; she joined the "class" spiritual in the conference-room, and forsook the class Terpsichorean in the ball-room of "The Golden Horn." She walked demurely to meeting, and sung hymns, and talked theology with the young minister, until his susceptible heart was affected to the degree that he found himself preaching with her commendations in view, and yet blushing and stammering painfully when he marked her great black eyes fixed upon him in sentiment.

She was thus "in the full tide of successful experiment," when, with the strange want of tact which the most artful women often display when their hearts are touched, she grew impatient of the slow-and-sure policy, and, resolving to conclude her conquest by a *coup-de-main*, she suddenly made her choice as an exhorter.

She proved herself possessed of rare talent, of absolute genius as a speaker. She talked like an inspired prophetess, and exercised her undeniable power with her wonderful bursts of eloquence. Her warnings and denunciations were at times fearfully grand, and produced the most striking effect upon her impressible hearers. But, as for Elbridge, she had mistaken her man. Though, as an orthodox Methodist, he advocated women's religious rights, and believed in the spiritual equality of the sexes, his natural delicate sensitiveness, and his early precedents, were certainly opposed to the unmaidenly course which Katherine Denny was pursuing. He was pained, disappointed, ill at ease every way, but did not presume to advise against that which he believed the result of an impetuous sense of duty on the part of the beautiful religious enthusiast. One Monday, while taking his morning walk, musing on these things, and striving to reconcile old usages with newly-formed principles, he overheard part of a conversation between two of his church-members, who were at work in a field by the roadside. There had been a meeting of exciting interest the night previous, and one of the men said to his companion:

"Did you know that Tom Henderson had got religion?"

"You don't say so! How?"

"Why, he happened in at the meeting last evening, just for devilment, but when Katherine Denny come to free her mind to grace, you'll religion, and lay in the power all night long."

Now Tom Henderson was known through all that region as the wildest, profanest jockey and frolicker; and though good-natured and good-looking, withal, the plague and pest of the honest and peaceable on board. Here was, indeed, cause for mourning, and Elbridge took counsel for his little faith, and watchful fatherliness. "Dear Katherine," he soliloquized, "why should I question your right to exercise all your gifts in doing good? If your words have caused conviction to the heart of this one sinner, great is your reward for the sacrifice of your womanly delicacy. But you, Katherine may be standing in want of spiritual consolation; I will go to him."

On reaching the abode of the Hendersons, the external visiter was ushered by a staring, red-haired girl to a back yard, where he found the young convert, seeking "consolation" in a rock-fight.

CHAPTER IV.

Before progressing with my story, I must tell my reader something more of the Blairs. So,

reader pour moins sauter, James Blair, an Irishman of education, and some property, married the girl of his heart and came immediately to this country. Having an eye for the picturesque, he purchased a farm on that loveliest of American rivers, the Juniata. But James Blair, bred to a mercantile life, had no "faculty" for farming; then he met with sickness, losses and discouragements, and—oh, 'tis the old, old story—became a drunkard, and all was over with him. But Mary, poor Mary Blair, was a jewel of a wife, for a saint or a sinner;—only she would have lasted longer, if her "Jamie" had had more of the former, and less of the latter, in his composition. But, as she wasted away in her patient broken-heartedness, there was one to take her place. Elizabeth Blair was one of those rare characters of whom "the world is not worthy." A spectacle for angels was her life of unobtrusive, unwearying, unmurmuring goodness. From the age of eighteen, when her mother's health failed utterly, to her twenty-first year, the period when she was introduced to my reader, she had, by her own labors, clothed and fed her father and his family. In household duties, and the care of the invalid mother, she was assisted by her sister somewhat; but she alone was the hope, the dependence, the "light in a dark place," the sustaining pillar, the animating soul of that sad, neglected family. She was school-teacher, mantua-maker, milliner, tailoress—all things for the good and comfort of those she loved. Dear Elizabeth! when I remember her pure piety, your energy, patience, sweetness and courage, I were humbled at the very thought of you, did I not know that there is no reproach in your goodness.

But in her mother's last illness the noble girl had over-tasked herself; and, after hard struggling against disease, she became alarmingly ill, with a nervous fever. Again, weeping more bitterly than ever, went little Jamie for the minister, whom he met returning from the parochial visit narrated at the close of the last chapter. Elbridge turned pale at the intelligence which the boy sobbed forth, and accompanied him immediately home. He found Elizabeth manifesting the same serene resignation which hallowed the death-bed of her mother. Before he left, however, Dr. N—— arrived, and pronounced her better, and the angel of hope revisited that desolate home. Slowly, very slowly, came back strength and health to that overwrought spirit and frame; and pleasant and profitable were the young clergyman's frequent visits to the interesting invalid. He was sometimes accompanied by Katherine, who professed to love her convalescent sufferer, and she did not fear for his heart, because he constantly encountered there the young physician, to whom it was rumored Elizabeth Blair was betrothed.

At last, the invalid had so far recovered as to appear at meeting. Pale, very pale, she was; but lovelier than ever thought those who loved her.

Elbridge saw that it now would be but proper for him to make his visits less frequent, and he did so. Then was he haunted by a strange feeling of unrest—he forgot his engagements—he talked to himself in soliloquies of his fears—he lost his appetite!—in short, to cut a long story short, with Katherine Denny!—oh, no, not with Katherine Denny.

When our hero became aware of his dangerous malady, he began treating it with promptness and severity. He first prescribed for himself *total abstinence* from a certain abode of beauty and worth—love's own log temple, built in the wilderness.

A dead failure! for did he not see *that* face, delicately flushed with returning health, looking up to him with every seriousness, every blessed Sunday? Mutters were made in the dim, interesting state, when, while returning one Saturday from a neighboring town, where he had been preaching, a storm compelled him to seek a night's shelter in a farmhouse by the way. Soon after, who should ride up but Dr. N——. He came in, dripping with the rain, and laughing in his own peculiar and joyous manner.

"The doctor," term one of my most valuable and reliable of friends, was one you might see once and remember always. His frank, handsome, heart-beaming countenance daguerreotyped itself instantly upon the memory. He was the "prince of good fellows," in the truest and best sense of the term. With his freedom of mind, warm, unchecked affections, and hopeful, cheerful philosophy, he lived up to the full measure of life. Chore, or no chore, during the evening, as his fine face glowed with the inspiration of some thought, flashingly beautiful, or exquisitely grotesque, Elbridge was slightly conscious of a certain unministerial feeling, known to the world as jealousy; but he coughed it down, as out of order, being the suggestion of a "gentleman in black," not "in good and regular standing."

When the hour for retiring came, as there was but one "spare bed," Elbridge was obliged to "turn in" with his unconscious rival. Sentiment in the night the doctor awoke. The storm had passed, and the moon was shining purely pale through the uncurtained window. Above him, Elbridge, with his large, luminous eyes fixed with a peculiar and searching expression upon his face, and his hand pressed closely against his heart.

"What the deuce—" cried the startled doctor.

"Hush," said the clergyman, in a solemn tone, "I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well, do you think you have got to take a fellow by the heart before you can get that?"

"Pardon me," said Elbridge, but without removing his hand, "I have to ask you a question on which my life's happiness depends. Will you answer me truly?"

"I will, if it is in my power."

"*Do you love Elizabeth Blair?*"

"Yes."

"That is sufficient," said Elbridge, falling back upon his pillow.

"Sufficient, is it?" said N——, and he turned himself wall-ward. But presently, his good feeling getting the better of his waggery, he continued:—"I do love Lizzie Blair—that's a stubborn fact—love her as a sister; but if it will be any comfort to you, my dear sir, to know it, long before I ever saw her, I bargained myself off to just the finest girl in the Union. So, if you can win Elizabeth's heart, and sincere it, I bid you God-speed!"

In the morning, Elbridge unfortunately found himself oppressed with a heavy cold, in consequence of his exposure to the preceding evening's storm. He was really ill, grew rapidly worse, and the next day was prostrate with inflamed lungs. He recovered, of course.—I would not have the heart to choose a Paul Dombey for a hero—but only after weeks of severe suffering; and then, Dr. N——, who had been his physician, and constant nurse, gravely assured him that he must abandon preaching altogether, for years to come. Oh! it was a bitter moment to the young clergyman! He groaned deeply, and bowed his face on his almost transparent hand; and, when he at last looked up, his dark eye-lashes were glistening with tears. Had all his intense longings, his lingering and thirsting after opportunities of greater usefulness in that most holy of professions, come to this?

While yet suffering from this unexpected trial, a letter was brought in which he read aloud to the doctor. It was from his parents, and urged, in affectionate terms, his immediate return home. Their eldest son was travelling, their daughter was married, and they were left quite alone.

"Really, this reconciliation at this time, seems providential," remarked the doctor, "and you will surely refuse to Virginia as soon as you have sufficient strength."

"Yes, but I must see Elizabeth, before I go—I cannot endure this terrible suspense—my life seems hanging on a thread."

"Well, go to her," rejoined the doctor, "she is a frank, straight-forward girl, and will tell you the truth at once; you taking the trouble to lay your hand on her heart."

"But, my dear N——, should I succeed in winning her love, I sometimes fear I shall be doing her an unkindness in taking her from the social sphere in which she has always moved; that she will be but ill at ease in the society of my family and friends."

"I tell you, Elbridge," exclaimed N——, "you either don't half deserve our Elizabeth, or you don't half know her. A *rose in snow*, believe me, you will have reason to be proud of her in any circle of American society. With the highest natural grace, elegance and dignity, she has any amount of tact and adaptedness, and is fitted for any sphere, however exalted, to which the man she loves may raise her. So don't fear introducing her to your aristocratic connections, she will make her own way bravely. But here we are, coolly discussing these matters, when Heaven only knows whether the girl will have you at all, at all."

And it seemed a doubtful matter for some time after. As soon as Elbridge was strong enough, he rode up to the Blairs', and day after day repeated his visit. But there was Mary Blair, a laughing, tearing gipsy of a creature, always at her sister's side, and Elbridge was suddenly the most bashful of men. Finally, calling up all his courage, he begged her to join him in a walk.

"Certainly, if you desire it," she calmly said, and tying on her neat sun-bonnet, was soon strolling by his side. For some moments the poor fellow could not utter a syllable, but at last let his warm, honest heart speak for itself in these simplest of words:—

"Elizabeth, I love you ardently, devotedly; do you return my affection?"

"Mr. Elbridge," she rejoined, in a voice slightly tremulous, "though I have admired and revered, I have never yet *presumed* to love you; but if the grateful affection of a poor, uncultivated girl like me can add to your happiness, I do not think it will be long withheld."

And thus they parted.

At their next meeting, Elizabeth, suffering her lover to retain her coy, little hand in his, and with an enchanting smile, and in the sweetest of tones, "I have been thinking over our last evening's conversation, and looking closely into my heart, and I find *that I have been loving you all along.*"

CHAPTER V.

When Elbridge sought James Blair, to ask of him his greatest treasure, an affecting scene occurred. The father wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow. He grieved to resign his noble daughter, but was proud of the honorable connection she was to form. "To one thing I will pledge myself," he said, grasping the hand of Elbridge, "your misdemeanors shall never be ashamed of her father and his home. I have not been intoxicated since Mary left me, and from this day, not one drop of my base shall pass my lips." And he kept his word.

On account of the necessity of Elbridge's immediate return to Virginia, an early period was fixed for the wedding.

One morning, a day or two previous to that decided upon as the day of days, Elbridge was riding slowly home from a visit to his lady-love, his thoughts winged with golden fancies, and his heart steeped in sweet recollections. In passing through a wild and rocky glen, he was startled by the sudden appearance of Katherine Denny. She was deathly pale, and her eye was flashes and more fearfully brilliant than ever. Elbridge dismounted, hung the bridle on his arm, and walking by her side, pleasantly passed the usual compliments. To these Katherine made no reply, but turning abruptly, and fixing a gaze of intense meaning on his face said calmly:—

"And so you are to marry Elizabeth Blair?"

"I am," he replied, smiling.

"It is a happy and a *fortunate* circumstance to *her*," she rejoined.

"But most of all to me," added the lover. A pause of some moments. Then Katherine continued in a deep, impressive tone:—

"Mr. Elbridge, I love my Cousin Elizabeth as an own sister, but stronger than my love for her than my family pride, is my sense of the duty I owe to my pastor, to my church, to religion itself and I must warn you before it is too late."

"Good Heavens!" cried Elbridge, "what do you mean?"

"Tell me," she replied, "did not Dr. N—— advise you to this marriage?"

"Yes."

"Strongly?"

"Very strongly."

"Then, see you blind, see you mad?" she exclaimed, "can you not see the trap laid for you? *He* would not marry the poor girl, the drunkard's daughter, and puts her off upon you in his calculating villainy. Beware!"

She then turned and ran swiftly up the hill-side at her left. Once she paused on a rock, many feet above him, and while the wind bore back the dark hair from her white cheek and brow, she stood like a very sibyl, and stretching her hand toward him, cried solemnly, "you are warned—remember!" and disappeared amid the thick brush-wood.

Elbridge stood transfixed with amazement and horror, while the blood ran cold through every vein. A faintness came over him, and he leaned for support against his horse. But presently he filled his head and smiled a proud, happ

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M. Q. We are always pleased to examine contributions sent to us.

Henry G. Lee. Will Mr. Lee please to call upon us, at his earliest convenience.

Accepted. "The Universal Rage," and "The Sailors of Columbia."

B. A. There are good passages in B. A.'s poems, but there are also many very defective ones. Instead of sending us three imperfect poems, let B. A. strive to send us one tolerably perfect. If he would submit his poems to the inspection and correction of some well qualified person, before sending them to us, we would like it better. We have not time to point out his short-comings in *detail*, the only mode in which there is much use in alluding to them.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of forwarding current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

We wish to make one remark once for all, to our readers. Every article published in this paper as an *original* contribution, is believed to be such by us. We may be imposed upon by authors, but we are never a party to such impositions upon the public. In any case, therefore, where a tale or poem is published by us as original, which the reader is satisfied is not so, he will please lay the blame upon the pretended author. To avoid such impositions occasionally, is perhaps impossible.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We come out this week in an entire new suit of type, and hope the printer, by careful press-work, will do justice to it. The large increase of our subscription list during the past year, warrants us in not stopping short of any expense calculated to improve either the typographical appearance, or the literary value of the Post. As to the looks of the Post, we think we are not saying too much when we denominate it the most *elegant* paper in the country—and as to the value of its contents, we think it is not, to say the least, *behind* any of its contemporaries.

So much in general—now as to this week's number in particular. "The Penalties of Distinction," by that well-known individual, John Smith, is a very interesting account of the afflictions to which he and other eminent men are liable—showing how impossible it is to get all of the sweet without any of the sour, in this sublunary state of existence. "Love in the Valley of the Juniata," by Grace Greenwood, a true tale, will be a treat to our readers. We laughed at the account of "Amen, hit or miss," and lingered over the beautiful answer of Elizabeth to her lover.

As to the miscellaneous articles: "The Lost Child" is a very pretty Sketch; "The Diamond Tags," a very interesting one; and "One Way to Nullify a Bad Lease," a very laughable one. The Poetry, also, both original and selected is, we think, very good.

CONSPIRACY AT ROME.

We have seen various accounts of the atrocious conspiracy at Rome, organized by the Austrian Government, but the following, which we compress from a letter originally published in one of the London papers, contains all the material facts of the case:

It seems that Father Ventura's funeral oration upon O'Connell, was at the bottom of the affair. For two successive days did the eloquent father hold forth to an audience of fifteen thousand Romans, in a discourse marked by great freedom and boldness of thought. A printed report of the oration was of course prepared for publication, but it was suppressed.

Upon a subsequent Sunday, a sermon was preached from one of the Jesuit pulpits, sneering at Father Ventura's oration, and disparaging both him and his topic. At vespers, however, the other pulpits of the Papal city took up the gauntlet thus thrown down by the Jesuits, and six counterblasts were blown from as many churches, in defence of the oration and the popular cause. The letter writer to whom we have alluded, whose epistle is dated July 18, thus proceeds:

Such was the posture of affairs last Sunday evening, and a week pregnant with the fate of Rome was ushered in on Monday. The Italico came out a perfect blank sheet, telling its own tale of what the censorship had done for it. Something was brewing which could not bear publicity. A citizen had been robbed, and on going to Governor Grazzelini for redress, the Sicilian said, Eh gioia mia (my jewel,) why come to me? Have you not Cicero Whakio (a popular leader) and his people? This flew like wildfire about town; and Grazzelini became an object of popular suspicion. It is now known that he was deep in the plot, and a more heinous one has not been concocted since Guy Fawkes, or the Sicilian vespers.

It appears that the approaching anniversary of the great act of amnesty of the 17th (yesterday) had been selected for a decisive blow against the Pope and his policy. Three hundred ruffians had been cautiously hired and embodied; they consisted of discharged police spies, whose occupation under Gregory had been lucrative and thriving, but was now gone; corrupt underlings of various public offices, who feared their turn would come next; and attaches of the Austrian legation in various departments of foul work. To these were added certain fanatics, called *Papalini*, who acted from religious frenzy, and considered the Pope an enemy to Catholicity, and several commissioned officers and subalterns in the corps of carbineers, who looked with distrust on the new National Guard, and were determined to show cause for not being themselves disbanded. These men were not Romans, but mostly from the marshes of Ancona and Umbria. The plan was to create confusion on the evening of the festa, during the torchings and fireworks; to occupy by the disaffected portions of the regiments the three great streets that disembogue into the *Piazza del Popolo*, and on a given signal, under pretence of aggressive movement among the people, to make a general onslaught, a sort of Peterloo.

The fugitives were to be met in the back streets by bloodhounds, armed with stilettos, upward of one thousand of which cowardly weapons were subsequently seized in the possession of the ringleaders; and finally, the general result was to be ascribed to the saturnalia of a people not ripe for freedom, on whom the Pope had foolishly lavished the gift of liberty. A reaction in the whole framework of government was looked for as the necessary consequence, and the conspirators considered such an object cheaply purchased at the price of popular bloodshed.

It is clear that where a gang of traitors associate, somebody will play the traitor. Somehow or other the plan became known at the club of the Circolo Romano. Late on Tuesday night Prince Salviati at the head of a deputation from the club, claimed admittance to the Pope's chamber on the Quirinal, and presented Pius with a hastily drawn up statement of the contemplated "coup;" the evidence which they adduced and the details they were in possession of left no doubt on the Pontiff's mind of the urgency of the crisis.

He slept not that night; orders were given for the immediate arrest of the ringleaders; summonses were issued to various men of rank and influence to rally round the person of their sovereign; proclamations were prepared and issued at daybreak, calling on the citizens to arm at once, each man at the district guard-house to which his battalion belonged; muskets were quickly brought out of the arsenal of St Angelo for distribution among the people. Eager, and burning with indignant loyalty, the workmen and citizens grouped themselves round the residence of the captain in each of the fourteen regions into which the city is divided. The whole day was one of watch and ward. There was no time to think of uniforms; each man, in his working dress, or every day costume, has been provided with two belts, to one of which is attached a cartouche-box containing twenty-four ball cartridges, to the other a sabre; on his shoulder he carries a firelock with bayonet; and this new improvised soldiery looks as if it really could and would fight for Pius against any and every aggressor. Numbers implicated in the conspiracy have been arrested, and are guarded by the people from the fury of the mob.

It seems at first too horrible to be believed, that the Government of Austria should be engaged in such an atrocious plot, but the proof is very strong that such was the fact. We must remember, too, that it was Austria which encouraged, if she did not project, the wholesale massacre of the nobility by their serfs in Galicia. Nothing in fact seems to be too infamous or too horrible to be contemplated by that high priest of despotism. As to the proofs of Austrian agency in the present case, they are these: Austrian weapons and Austrian coin, were found in abundance upon the persons of the miscreants who were arrested as participators in the plot. Moreover, so sudden was the discovery of the conspiracy, that in many cases the parties suspected, among whom was the Governor of Rome himself, had barely time to flee, leaving their private papers untouched; while in some cases, the guard entered their houses while the members of the family were yet engaged in burning letters and documents that would have been fatal to them. And, as an overwhelming proof that Austria was a party to this infernal scheme, we have the fact that on the very day of the contemplated outbreak, a regiment of Austrian troops advanced upon Ferrara, regardless of the protest of the Papal authorities, evidently with the view of being ready to arrive at the great scene of action at the critical instant, and to put the finishing stroke to the affair.

But there is a Providence that watches over the destiny of nations, and it was not willed that the kindling rays of Italian freedom, which, to the astonishment of all the world, seem to shine forth even from the midst of "the eternal city," from the Papal chair itself, as from another sun—it was not willed by a just Providence that that brightening radiance should be quenched in innocent blood. The plot was defeated, to the everlasting shame of its concoctors. Pius still abides in his capital—a true father to his people. May his people prove themselves worthy of him, and worthy of their liberty, in still increasing measure. And may those joyful anticipations, which the free hearted, the world over, are drawing from the unexpected presence of a man of truly generous soul and liberal principles on the Papal throne, be more than realized—for truly it is the most encouraging of all the signs of the times!

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

The President of the State of Honduras, has issued an Address to the other States composing Central America, inviting them to aid Mexico in her struggle with this country. He says:

They are our brethren; *their dangers are ours, and their fate awaits us.* We should not maintain neutrality, if we can in any manner aid them in their honorable struggle.

Divisions and internal feuds have ruined our Mexican brothers. Eight millions of inhabitants, of whom that nation is composed, have been unable to defend themselves against a handful of men, who have seized their territory and their property, and annulled their rights. *What may be the fate of the Central Americans, if we continue divided!*

It will be noticed that the reason given why the Central Americans should aid Mexico, is that in the event of Mexico being denationalized, and absorbed by the United States, a similar fate awaits Central America; and, however much we may deplore this step of the State of Honduras, we must say that its statesmen would have proved themselves sadly deficient in foresight, if they had lulled themselves into a fancied security by the thought that the conquest of Mexico would have no effect upon the destiny of her southern neighbor.

But as the present indications are that the United States will have a new enemy to contend with, it may be well to inform ourselves as to the resources of that enemy, and the character of her government and rulers.

The confederacy of Central America consists of the States of Guatimala, Quesaltenango, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Costa Rica, and the Federal District, a small space set aside for a Federal Capital. They have separate territorial governments and legislatures. The population of the confederacy is about *two millions*, and its area about one hundred and ninety-six thousand square miles.

As to the government of Central America, it appears to have been in the same unsettled condition as that of Mexico, until within the last eight or nine years. At that time Carrera, a "wild Indian," young and unlettered, gathered a large body of the native tribes, and succeeded in putting down both the Centralists and Federalists, into which parties the whites were divided, and installing himself as Dictator of the States of Central America. The fortunes of Carrera, and his conduct since he has attained his high power, prove him to be a wonderful man. Driven again and again to his native forests, hunted like a wild beast upon the mountains, he successively re-appears at the head of a fresh body of followers, until he bears down all opposition before him, and is acknowledged by every class the chief man of the nation. The supreme power attained, he did not give more vent than before to his passions and appetites, but sought to subdue them, and to qualify himself for his new station. He employed teachers to teach him to read and to write, and in a very short time supplied himself with the necessary knowledge to conduct the ordinary duties of government. He is said now to be a good scholar and an excellent ruler. And though, at times, the natural ferocity of the Indian will break out, and prompt him to deeds of violence and blood, he is reputed to be by no means habitually cruel, domineering or self-willed.

Under the guidance of Carrera, the government of Central America is said to have exhibited extraordinary stability and efficiency—and should that confederacy intermeddle with the present war between the United States and Mexico, her Indian Dictator doubtless will play hereafter no unimportant part.

CUBA.

The recent speech of Lord John Bentinck in the House of Commons, relative to the debts due by Spain to British capitalists, has caused considerable agitation among American politicians, as to the course our Government ought to pursue, in the event of an attempt being made by Great Britain to take possession of Cuba. Lord John Bentinck, in urging the British Government to enforce the payment of these debts by Spain, said "that her colonies were rich; *the produce of Cuba alone being valued at £9,000,000, while it was only defended by 9,000 soldiers, the whole navy of Spain being but three line of battle ships, six frigates, and twenty small craft.*"

Now, it may be that this reference to Cuba, in the British Parliament, was made simply to frighten the Spanish Government into the punctual payment of its interest; or it may be that it is deliberately intended by the British ministry to take possession of Cuba, and that the non-payment of the interest on the Spanish bonds, is to be the convenient pretext for so unjustifiable an act, in the eyes of the world.

It is stated by several papers, which profess to derive their information from the best sources, that Cuba is dissatisfied with her present condition, that liberal feelings prevail extensively in the island, and that she would gladly unite herself to the United States. This *may* be true; but knowing how easily public opinion can be manufactured, we are not disposed to place much reliance upon such statements.

Without committing ourselves for the future, we must say that in the present unsettled position of our affairs with Mexico, and the probability of a new war with Guatimala before us, it does seem to us one of the wildest schemes to seek to bring about, as some appear to be doing, the "annexation" of Cuba.

As to Great Britain being bent upon taking possession of Cuba, we doubt it much, thinking the supposition of the threat being intended simply as an effective dun much more probable. If, however, she should design such an unrighteous movement, the present time is singularly propitious. The two principal Powers that it would most concern, France and the United States, being neither of them in the best condition to remonstrate with effect—while it is probable the despotic governments of Europe would gladly view any step which would tend to embroil the liberal Powers of the world with each other, and leave them at perfect liberty to pursue their schemes to smother the kindling flames of freedom in Italy and Germany, and to prevent all further movements in Switzerland. Should Great Britain, however, thus barter away her present opportunity to vindicate the liberty of Europe, by seeking to add Cuba to her already over-grown dominions, she will deserve the execrations of mankind.

A SINGULAR WILL.

A very wealthy citizen of the South West, Julien Poydras, lately deceased, has left a rather singular will behind him. Large bequests are made to all the charitable institutions of New Orleans, and a variety of bequests, large and small, to individuals; and finally to the parishes of Pointe Coupee and West Baton Rouge, he leaves $30,000 each, for the following whimsical purpose. The interest of this sum is to be employed in giving a *dowry to all girls of the said parish who may get married*; the unfortunate to be always preferred.

Mr. Poydras died possessed of six large plantations, on each of which are a great many slaves, and his mode of disposing of them is equally whimsical. They are to be sold at public sale, the purchasers to bind themselves to emancipate the slaves with their increase at the end of twenty-five years from the day of sale. To each of his slaves, large and small, he also bequeathes $10. The balance of the estate, after the payment of the legacies, is to be divided among a number of nieces and nephews.

THE PENNA. RAILROAD.

The President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has written a letter to the Pittsburg Commissioners in relation to this great improvement, in which he discourages any attempt on the part of the people of western Pennsylvania, to make the connecting link between Pittsburg and the Ohio State line, until the main road is completed to Pittsburg. He says that it is of the greatest importance that the road between Philadelphia and Pittsburg should be completed at an early day, inasmuch as the stockholders of the railroad through Ohio will be governed considerably in relation to its location, by the prospect of the earliest possible connection with the east, and whether the Baltimore or the Pennsylvania road gives the surest indication of a rapid completion. He says:

The Pennsylvania Railroad may be divided into three important sections.

First—From Harrisburg to the Allegheny Mountains.

Second—The road crossing the Mountains.

Third—From the base of the Mountains to Pittsburg.

For the first division the Company are now in possession of ample funds, by the liberal subscription of the city of Philadelphia and her citizens. It has, however, no more funds at command than are necessary for that object—and hence, with but a small exception (the western fifteen miles), is obliged to confine its efforts to that object, in order to bring the road into a condition to remunerate the Stockholders at the earliest possible period. This division is now being pressed with vigor—more than half of the distance will be under contract for construction this year, and the remainder early next summer.

It is the intention, when this division is completed, to connect it for a time with the State Portage road, in order that a continuous line may be available to the western base of the mountains, until the western division is made, and time allowed to make a permanent location across the Allegheny without an inclined plane, the practicability of which is fully ascertained.

As the second division, by the temporary aid of the Portage Railroad, may be postponed to the last, the efforts of the Company will, upon the completion of the first, be directed to the third, or western division, being sure that confidence in the road, when made to that point, will furnish funds requisite to its completion to Pittsburg.

The nature of the country through which a part of the western division of the road passes, is adverse to such an improvement, and time must elapse before its asperities can be reduced. About twenty-five miles of the country between the Monongahela and the Conemaugh presents obstacles which must be overcome by deep cutting and tunnels, necessarily slow in construction. This division, though shorter by some fifty miles, will require quite as much time in construction as the eastern section, which presents more favorable circumstances.

If, therefore, we are compelled to postpone the commencement of the western division until the eastern is finished, the whole work will require double the time that it would if both divisions were put under construction at the same period. But if the means are provided to commence the western division as soon as the surveys are complete, the two sections can be made simultaneously, *and a railroad connection be made between the two cities at least two years sooner than if the policy is pursued which present circumstances presage.*

The question, therefore, for your citizens to decide is, will they expedite by their subscriptions the opening of a continuous railroad between their own market and the Atlantic, or will they bestow their energies upon a road which cannot be made available to any useful extent for the next five or six years.

I look with confidence to the response. The Pennsylvania road must be pressed with vigor.

To effect this great object and enable the directors to press forward both divisions of the road at the same time, *a million of dollars is wanted from the western counties.* That million under the provisions of the ordinance, will draw another million from the treasury of the city of Philadelphia—*and these two millions shall be exclusively devoted to the western division, which will be urged as fast as the nature of the country will admit.*

In relation to the connecting link, he makes the following liberal offer:

You ask, if our funds are devoted to the Central Railroad, how shall the connecting link be made between Pittsburg and the Ohio State line? The answer is plain. The Pennsylvania Railroad have adopted a determinate policy to issue no bonds. This Company will complete their road unshackled by debt, and when complete it is competent to any enterprise, tending to increase its usefulness or profit, *and it will guarantee the funds that may be required for that purpose, so soon as its own position and the condition of the Ohio roads shall make such a connecting link desirable.*

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will stand pledged to furnish to you the funds for the river road, so soon as the occasion warrants its construction. Now, we want your hearty, energetic assistance, to place the Pennsylvania road in a position which shall ensure the tendency of the Ohio Central road to such a point as it can, through your city, connect with it, *and we pledge ourselves to consummate that connection.*

THE WAR.

Our readers will perceive by the news from the Seat of War, that General Scott, with the advance of the American Army, had arrived within twenty miles of the City of Mexico, on the 13th of last month. The account upon which most reliance was placed, also stated that not a gun had been fired upon the march; though another account gives a rumor of a severe battle, in which the Americans were repulsed—this, however, is not credited.

If the Mexicans have risked a battle in defence of their Capital, of which we have but little doubt, it probably occurred at the pass of Pinon, a narrow gorge, about sixteen miles from the city; of the fortifications of which, we had about a month ago the following account:

It is about sixty rods wide, and runs between two volcanic mountains, high, barren and difficult of access. At their base the ground is level, and the Pinon fortification extends in a sort of half circle from mountain to mountain, nearly a quarter of a mile. One of these mountains has a crater top, so hollowed as to serve as a natural breastwork. Here a portion of the army is to be posted, also a portion on the other mountain, and the main body in the fortifications.

The fortifications are composed of stone and earth of great strength, and are capable of mounting forty heavy cannon. Toward Puebla, the fortifications have a perfect cannon shot range for more than a mile and a half, sweeping the entire road. Near the mountain to the right, going toward Puebla, on a high eminence, Santa Anna has erected an observatory, safe from cannon shot, from which he intends watching the expected battle. A battery of cannon has also been placed on a hill to the right of the road beyond the pass towards Puebla. Some defences are also erected on the two mountains which form the Pass. The spot is admirably situated to defend the Capital, and in the hands of anybody but Mexicans, would be impassable. Santa Anna's observatory is nearly thirty feet higher than any of the surrounding hills. Upwards of 30,000 men have been at work on the fortifications. There is but one other road at all practicable, by which the American force could advance, the "Annunciation," to the south of the Puebla road, and this is defended by still more difficult passes.

The next news from the Army will probably be an account of an expected engagement at this place. In possession of French, English or American troops, such a pass would be impregnable. Defended even by Mexican soldiers, it may not be forced except at a great sacrifice of life; though that it will be ultimately taken is almost beyond a doubt. We wait, however, for further news from General Scott, with great anxiety.

AUSTRIA AND THE POPE.

Since writing the article in another column upon the conspiracy at Rome, we have seen it stated that the commander of the Austrian troops at Ferrara, under the pretext that an Austrian officer had been insulted, forbade the National Guard to patrol that city. As it, however, continued its patrol, the Austrians came out of the citadel, occupied the city in true military fashion, and fired upon the guard. The Papal legate at Ferrara, at once protested against this outrageous act, and sent off messengers to Rome. In a struggle between the great power of Austria and the Pope alone, the latter would of course have to submit—but will England and France stand quietly by and behold this interference with the internal affairs of the Papal States? We think not. The next arrival from Europe, however, probably will determine the question, for Austria seems determined to push matters to a crisis.

SHOCKING DISCLOSURE.

Here is another item for the London press to publish under the head of "Shocking state of society in America." It is from the New York Express:—

There is now living in one of the chief towns of New Hampshire, a woman who has had ten husbands, all of whom are now living upon the best terms with her and each other. The woman is highly respected among her neighbors, who see nothing to censure, but much to approve. Strange as it may appear, an action for bigamy could not be sustained against her.

The solution, (for *American* readers, of course, only,) is as follows:—Mrs. Husband lives very religiously and lawfully with a Mr. Husband and nine little Husbands. She is engaged in the pious duty of rearing up *husbands* for the next generation.

DREADFUL.

The total number of deaths resulting from the explosion of the Gun Cotton Works at Feversham, England, was 21. Only 11 bodies have been discovered, the remaining 10 having been *literally* blown to atoms. Portions of the human frame are still found in the corn fields in the neighborhood, at a great distance from the scene of the catastrophe.

RISING OF THE INDIANS.

The insurrection in Yucatan, which we alluded to in last week's paper, appears to have been rather more serious than the first report led us to suppose. It seems that a general rising of the Indians against the white inhabitants had been planned for the 13th of last month; but one of the conspirators turning traitor, the leader of the insurrection was arrested and executed, whereupon "the Indians broke out into mutiny in several parts of the Peninsula, viz: Tepic Tula and half a dozen other places, and massacred all the white and colored inhabitants, old and young, with the exception of the women, who were said to have been reserved for a worse fate.

"The Yucatanese have sunk all their political differences, in view of this great danger, and they have marched against the Indians, pursuing them with unrelenting vengeance, even to the woods and forests. The number of tribes engaged in this insurrection is said to be seventeen, and the subject has been in agitation among them, as some of the conspirators have confessed, for an equal number of years. The massacre at Tepic took place at dawn of day, on the 30th ultimo. The measures adopted by the Yucatanese appear to have already put down the insurrection."

This outbreak seems to prove that there is much truth in the assertion which has been often made, that the Indian or native tribes of Mexico have never become reconciled to their Spanish masters, but still thirst for vengeance and their original supremacy. The peons or slaves are principally composed of this class of the Mexican population; and were it not for the influence of the priesthood over them, they would doubtless break out continually into insurrection. We should think that the success of the Indians in Guatimala, in elevating one of their number to the chief power, would inspire the Indians of all other provinces with a desire to gain a similar preponderance. These Indians, the reader must remember, are not uncivilized, like the most of our own tribes, but were found by the Spaniards, when they first appeared among them, clad in cotton garments, living in cities and villages of stone, and depending upon agriculture, and *not* upon mere fishing and hunting, for a support.

Editorial Varieties.

A FAIR HIT.

The New Orleans National publishes the following burlesque correspondence between Augustus Montague Snooks and General Taylor. It is a fair hit at what has doubtless become by this time a great nuisance to the old General, although he is "rough and *ready*." The following are the questions propounded by Mr. Snooks:—

"I wish to know, *firstly*, whether you are in favor of putting corn in both ends of a bag that is sent to mill on horseback, or do you believe in the modern system, invented by Bob Walker, who used a large stone in one end, to balance the grain at the other? *Secondly*, are you in favor of mules having colts? *Thirdly*, are you in favor of crossing the nutmeg melon with the pumpkin?"

General Taylor's reply is as follows:

Respected Sir:—Your very important communication came to hand in due course of mail and baggage wagon transportation. I read it with profound pleasure. I was delighted with the independent expression of your sentiments, and the laudable motives that induced you to place them before me in writing. The government has kept me so exceedingly busy of late in doing nothing, that I have not had time to write to you as promptly as I could have desired, nor can I as explicitly, when I do sit down to the task, as the importance of the subject demands. Your first question—I shall answer them all categorically—is one that involves a favorite system of exchange, that would be indelicate for me, in my present position, to enlarge upon, but I will say in passing, that it is better to have a stone in one end of a meal bag than in the bladder. To your second question I answer, I am in favor of mules having colts, provided it suits the mules, and don't interfere with the vested rights of the people. Your third question involves a point upon which I have many doubts—crossing the melon with the pumpkin, certainly enlarges the melon, but it will require a large share of the attention of philosophers to show it don't ruin the nutmeg.

LADY.

The Mobile Herald says:—

"In speaking of the President's journey, all the papers say the 'lady of the President.' The word 'wife' is dearer, prettier, and more appropriate. Another reform would be well in newspaperdom—that is, the substitution of the good old word 'woman' for 'lady.' A lady is a thing that usually brings up visions of bustles and buckram. Eve was a woman, not a lady. Woman is the word of poetry, sentiment, worship, classic dignity, and elegance. Lady is a word of art, and has no sort of meaning as it is usually applied. Let stupid people use the latter. Those who honor the sex should adhere to the former."

We agree with the Mobile editor, that it would be better to say the wife of the President, but do not see the justice of his advice to newspaperdom as to the word lady. Why should the press "*substitute*" the word woman for lady? Each has its appropriate use, and the present use of these words is tolerably correct. If woman be the nobler term, as it also seems to us, (though the word lady is genuine old Saxon, and means bread-giver,) why should editors apply it to every "vision of bustles and buckram" that they have occasion to mention in their columns? No, they are right in calling those of the sex of whom they know nothing remarkable, ladies; and right in keeping the word woman for a title of honor. Thus authors say, "she was a noble *woman*"—in the same exalted sense as they say, "he was a noble *man*." Shakspeare says of Brutus: "He was a *man*"—suppose he had said: He was a *gentleman*! Let us keep then the words lady and gentleman, for the common appellations; and woman and man for special titles of honor.

FANCY BALLS.

The Daily News of this city, which is proving itself a most excellent paper by the way, has the following just remarks in relation to those foolish exhibitions, called Fancy Balls:

The New York Express devotes over three columns to the description of the Fancy Ball which took place at Newport on Thursday. This is waste of time and brains. The public care but little for such stuff. Whose business is it if Mrs. Brown did wear a calico frock or one of white satin trimmed with orange blossoms? What if Miss Smith is slightly parrot-toed? Suppose Jenkins does mount green spectacles and walk stiffly? Who is to blame if Miss Brown's nose inclines upwards? And if the incomparable Lucretia Touchmenot did look divine, what is it to the public? Besides, it is not always agreeable to the parties themselves to find their names paraded before the world. Let this be the end of it.

A SHARK.

The Boston Times says that as a gentleman of that city recently, was amusing himself with his gun on Chelsea Beach, he shot a peep, which fell into the water, and waded in to get it. When immersed breast high, he was attacked by a blue shark, and his arm was severely lacerated. His cries brought several to his aid, by whose assistance the animal was driven into shoal water and killed. The only excuse we see that can be made for the shark, is that he was according to the account, "*blue*." He was justly killed though, notwithstanding, for our Judges have decided that if a person commits a crime being blue, his offence is *no whiter* in consequence.

DEATH OF A REGICIDE.

M. Sergent-Marreau, one of "the Mountain" party in the French Revolutionary Convention, and the Secretary of Robespierre, died recently at Nice, aged 88. He commanded the armed citizens of the Faubourg St. Antoine, on the 20th of June, and at the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the 10th of August. He voted for the death of Louis XVI., "without appeal to the people or delay in the execution." He never repented that vote, and he was often heard to repeat that if it were to be done over again, he should not hesitate. The undaunted Regicide!

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

It is stated that, in the Southern district of New York, with $120,000,000 of debts proved, the property surrendered was only $110,000 and of this the *judicial proceedings* swallowed up $110,000. Here was $10,000 left to pay 120,000,000!! Sweet for the debtor, but rather bitter for the creditor.

THE WILMOT PROVISO.

Mr. Buchanan has written a letter to a Democratic committee, in which he takes decided ground against the Wilmot Proviso. He is in favor of adhering to the line of the Missouri compromise, which permits slavery in all territory of the United States south of 36 30.

SMUGGLED OUT.

The wife of a counterfeiter, confined in one of the New York prisons, recently smuggled him out by exchanging clothing with him when on a visit. She has been arrested; but the idea of punishing a woman for helping her husband out of prison, no matter how justly he was confined there, is preposterous.

A CONTRADICTION.

The *Journal de la Haye* contradicts the rumored abdication of the King of Holland, in semi-official terms. It is probable, therefore, that his majesty has been induced to relinquish his design.

HOLDING BACK THE CROP.

The following article is from the Troy Whig. By publishing it, we would not be understood as concurring in its advice to farmers *not* to hold on. We merely wish to bring the question before the attention of our country readers, preferring they should take their own course, unswayed in the least by any recommendation of ours:

The wheat crop of the United States for 1847, is probably the largest ever harvested in the country, and yet the quantity of new wheat which has reached a market up to the present time is unprecedentedly small. Instead of the half-million of bushels which at a moderate computation are ordinarily brought to market before the 1st of September, it is believed that not more than fifty-thousand bushels of the new crop have yet been offered for sale. None has been received here, and very little in New York or Philadelphia; and we understand that it is impossible to buy new wheat at the West, at rates which will permit buyers to realize a profit at the present New York prices. The farmers in the interior have made so much money during the past year, that they can afford to hold back the productions of the late harvest until prices rise; and the consequence is, that notwithstanding the immense crops of the present season, and the amount of old stock remaining in the hands of producers, &c., the markets are unusually bare of wheat, and flour is held at prices which could not be sustained for a week, if the article were not kept back by holders in the hope of obtaining an advance on its present value. Many of our flour merchants expect that the next steamer will bring tidings of a rise in flour and wheat abroad. Should this expectation be fulfilled, prices here, in consequence of the barrenness of our markets, will probably run up beyond the mark which the foreign advance will seem to justify—and when they have reached a point satisfactory to the Western farmers and other speculative holders, an avalanche of flour and wheat will be poured into the Atlantic cities, and we shall have a sudden collapse in prices, a panic and a smash. A few keen and cautious speculators will realize before the market is swamped with supplies, and scores will be ruined. The farmers, if they consulted their own interest, would bring the produce of the late harvest forward *now*, when they can obtain fair, remunerating prices for it. If they continue to hold it back on speculation, they will assuredly have to take the loss in the end.

A SHAMEFUL DEED.

A statement has recently been published in one of the Virginia papers, by Captains Young and Bankhead, and Lieutenant Garnet, giving an account of the circumstances attending the duel between Lieutenants Munford and Mahan, and justifying their own part in the duel. According to this statement, the duel was absolutely forced upon Mahan, by Munford, and by the *friends* of Mahan. The duel, (if it can properly be called such,) was fought on similar terms to that between Pleasants and Ritchie. The officers who make this statement, say that in no way could the fight have been prevented but by "reporting the difficulties to the commanding officer, or arresting the parties themselves."

We do not agree with them. In a case of such a flagrant character, where the insult was most gross and unprovoked, the assailant should have had the alternative offered to him by his brother officers, either of making an apology, or else of being excluded from their company and fellowship. It is infamous that a quarrel should thus be put upon an inoffensive man, and he be forced to butcher or be butchered, (perhaps, as in this case, both,) his fellow officers standing by, and *using no remedy*.

DRESS OF ROYALTY.

The dress of Queen Victoria, her husband and children, now on a visit to Scotland, is thus described in a letter written from one of the towns where she stopped. The simplicity of their attire does the royal family credit:

"Her Majesty was attired in a chip straw bonnet, with a blue veil thrown back, shawl, &c., (a description of dress which many of our Bangor belles would be ashamed of on state days,) and looked pale. Prince Albert sported a drab Jim Crow hat, brown coat, and grey continuations, and was looking remarkably well, getting into flesh evidently within the last two or three years. The Prince of Wales wore a glazed hat, blue jacket, white trowsers—a miniature British tar. The Princess Royal appeared in a straw bonnet, tunic, and salmon-colored dress, and with her royal brother, looked the very picture of health and contentment."

PAREDES.

Paredes is said to be a man of great probity, but intemperate. It is related that Santa Anna once attempted to bribe him through Tornel. Paredes pronounced the agent no gentleman, and told him to tell his principal to meet him face to face. "If," said he, "Santa Anna has lost a leg, I too have lost the use of both of my hands, (he had been shot in both,) yet I will be glad to meet him!"

There is one effect that the return of this chieftain may have upon our relations with Mexico, which is not very favorable to peace—that is, the supplying of another leader for the war party in that country to rally around, in case of either the capture, death, or defection of Santa Anna. Besides, Santa Anna will not be so likely to run risks of losing his popularity, with Paredes by to take advantage of them.

DEATH OF DR. COMBE.

Dr. Andrew Combe, brother of George Combe, and well known as a popular medical author, expired at Edinburg, in the early part of August. For several years the continuance of Dr. Combe's life has been almost miraculous. His complaint was in the lungs, the consumption of which induced such extreme delicacy of frame, that nothing but the most unremitting scientific treatment kept him alive. Dr. Combe has done great good by his works upon the preservation of health, &c., and his loss is a world-wide calamity.

INVENTION OF THE ENEMY.

A little Mexican paper, issued at Jalapa, has been publishing what purports to be "an intercepted letter from the American Government to Gen. Scott." The correspondence in question represents the Government to be in great straits for want of money, &c. As the Washington Union, however, declares it to be a mere invention of the enemy, it is not worth while to lay it before our readers.

MAKING A BEGINNING.

A correspondent of the Boston Chronotype, speaking of Stewart's splendid store in Broadway, New York, says:

"A single lady from Tennessee has, during this week, spent *thirteen thousand dollars* at his counter by way of commencing housekeeping."

A rather tough story that. Perhaps it should read "by way of commencing" *store*-keeping.

LAW OF MANURE.

The decisions in Vermont and Massachusetts, are now stated *not* to be contradictory upon this subject. The law in both States is said to be that manure made in the ordinary course of husbandry, cannot be removed or sold by an outgoing tenant, but is attached to and connected with the property, unless there is an express stipulation to the contrary.

New Publications.

Legends of Mexico. *By George Lippard.* As we have said before, we are not admirers of the thunder and lightning style which marks Mr. Lippard's compositions. We like some repose and calmness, the blue sky and sunshine as a general thing, with a thunderstorm occasionally, only for variety. The continual glare of such a high wrought style, is calculated to please children—"children of a larger growth"—and persons of uncultivated minds generally, but is offensive to readers of taste and discernment. To such persons as think fireworks a handsomer sight than the stars, such a style is perfection. We will not deny, however, that it suits better in the description of bloody battles, than of any other scenes—and we willingly acknowledge that there are occasionally really fine passages in this, as in other of Mr. Lippard's works. The author has a pretty good eye for the heroic, too—though the idea of making out this Mexican war a holy, religious crusade, is one of the most ludicrous we have met with lately. We would like to know "Old Zack's" opinion upon that point. We may remark, in passing, that this work is entirely free, we believe, from the objectionable scenes which we felt it our duty to condemn in the "Quaker City." It is published and for sale by *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*

The Union Magazine. The September number of this magazine, edited by Mrs. Kirkland, is embellished with an engraving called "The Doctor," a very good one representing a Justice's Court in the far West we presume—and a Fashion Plate. The contents are The Knight's Return, by H. W. Herbert; An Excursion to Manchester, by Miss C. M. Sedgwick; Mike Smiley; The Night Blooming Cereus, by Miss Gould, &c. The gem of the number, however, is "Love in the Valley of the Juniata," by Grace Greenwood, which the reader will find on our first page. *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street*, is the agent for this city.

Prison Discipline. We have received the July number of the Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy, edited by Edward Hartshorne, M. D., late resident physician of the Eastern Penitentiary. It contains articles on "The New Law requiring Annual Returns from County Prisons," "Criminal Courts, &c.," "Prison Discipline in France," "Wyman on the Ventilation of Prisons," &c. &c. The publishers are *E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia.*

Littell's Living Age. *No. 172* of this excellent periodical is on our table. The agents are *Zieber & Co.*

Poems, *by Mrs. Mary Noel McDonald.* We had the pleasure, a short time since, of receiving a volume of poetry bearing the above title. Mrs. McDonald is well known to our readers as a frequent correspondent of the Post—we said "*well known*," let us correct the expression; she is not "well known" to them, for there is a tender vein of sentiment, and a fervent religious feeling in the volume before us, which we have never seen manifested in her prose writings, and which raise her, both as a woman and an author, much higher in our estimation. All the poems in this volume are in fact just such compositions as, with our former knowledge of the author, we would have supposed she could *not* write. They are not light, airy and practical—but serious, tender, mournful. They give us moreover an insight into the writer's history, which invests her with new interest in our eyes, as all such revealings always do. Take for instance the following poem, the quoting of which will thus answer a double purpose:

THE LOVED AND LOST.

Come to my heart again, ye long departed,
Come, fill the vacant places at our hearth;
Vainly for you the bitter tears have started,
Since ye forsook for Heaven the haunts of earth.
Vainly, ye lost, we yearn for your caressing,
And ask the tender tones which once we heard;
On the still air there comes no whispered blessing,
Mute is each lip, and lost each loving word.

Come once again, there is a shadow o'er us,
Earth seems a weary land since ye are gone,
Dim is the lengthened pathway spread before us,
And distant far the goal which ye have won.
Vainly, the spring-time, in its bloom returning,
Wakes the young buds, and clothes the earth anew;
Unto our hearts, with quenchless love still burning,
What, what avails its beauty, 'reft of you?

Thou, the dear friend of girlhood, memory traces
Full many an hour of gladness linked with thee,
And in thy children's fair and gentle faces,
Some loved resemblance of thyself may see.
Thou, the kind guardian of my childhood's hours,
My guide in youth, thine absence I deplore;
See the dark cloud that on her pathway lowers,
Come to thy child, and be her shield once more.

And thou, the best and dearest, words can never
Speak the keen anguish of my stricken breast;
'Twas but our *summer* day—how soon to sever
The sacred bond which made our life so blest.
The past, the past, 'tis robed in hues of brightness
Its records tell of years how full of bliss,
When my young spirit in its joy and lightness,
Dreamed not of such a fearful woe as this.

Dost thou still love me in that far-off Heaven?
Or art thou near me on thy spirit wings?
Beloved, beloved, I cannot deem it riven,
That holy tie to which my heart yet clings;
Hast thou not seen the tears, which, like a river,
Swelled to the flood-gates of my breaking heart?
Oh say not thou art lost to me forever—
We have been linked too fondly, thus to part.

Come, come to bless me, with thine eyes kind beaming,
Let thy loved voice upon my fond ears thrill;
Come, with the light of Heaven around thee streaming,
Come to the heart that weeps thee, loves thee still.
Ay! in its inmost core with sorrow breaking,
Still does that love with quenchless ardor burn;
While a sad voice within its depths awaking,
Hath but one echo, "Oh return, return!"

Hark! on mine ear seraphic notes are ringing!
Your voices, loved ones, mingle in the lay;
Ye join the hymns which angel choirs are singing,
But, 'mid your songs, methinks I hear you say,—
"There is no darkness here, the clouds are riven,
The veil is lifted from our earthly eyes;
Would'st thou recall us from the light of Heaven,
And all the ceaseless joys of Paradise?"

No! no! let mortal vision greet ye never;
Silence thy yearning, oh repining heart!
Bliss, bliss unending, ye have gained forever,
No more in earthly sorrow to have part.
Joy for the free and blessed! all unheeding
The world, its fleeting pleasures or its care
Onward, my soul, be then thine eager speeding,
To those pure realms, and join thy lost ones there.

Is not that beautiful? We think so, and there are many other poems equally, and others perhaps even more tender and touching. We propose to lay some of them before our readers occasionally—but others are too long for our columns; and we therefore advise those of our friends who love poetry, to buy the work itself. They will find it well worth the money—in fact, we think these poems will eventually obtain an extensive circulation, and become a household volume in many homes.

Adventures of a Mariner. *By a Seaman.* This is the first number of a work, in which the author, who is a common seaman, intends to give an account of various matters which came under his notice during eight years at sea. He expects to give accurate descriptions of the Manners and Customs, &c., of various places visited by him, as well as a number of amusing Forecastle Yarns, &c. This first number is quite creditable to the author. There are to be ten numbers, at 12½ cents each.

The Monitor. *By W. H. C. Hosmer. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co.* This is a volume of poetry, not very remarkable any way. As the author probably would as leave we said nothing about it, as "damn it with faint praise," we will say nothing. It is for sale by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*

Foreign News

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

BREADSTUFFS STILL FALLING.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on the 2d inst., bringing Liverpool dates to the 19th ult., being five days later news.

Breadstuffs had fallen to 26s. to 26s. 6d. The Cotton Market continued dull. The pressure in the Money Market was very great.

A rumor was in general circulation that Louis Philippe had been assassinated. The London papers bring no confirmation of it.

The elections are nearly at an end, and show an increase in favor of liberal measures.

The royal visit to Scotland occupies the British papers. The squadron in which they sailed from the Isle of Wight, on the 11th, consisted of seven vessels. At Carnarvon, Boston vessels Josiah Quincy, John Parker and Juniata, saluted the royal yacht by displaying the British flag, which courtesy was returned. Accounts of the landing in Scotland are not given, but great preparations were made.

Lieutenant Munro, late of the regiment of Life Guards, has been found guilty of the murder of Colonel Faucett, whom he slew in a duel about four years since. The verdict of the jury has caused considerable excitement and surprise.

The affairs of Spain still continue in a very embarrassed state. The Queen has placed the King under complete surveillance, and has done every thing to destroy his influence short of imposing personal restraint upon him.

An attempt was lately made to destroy General Serrano, the reputed paramour of the Queen, by sending a petard to him through the post office.

The political aspect of France is threatening enough. A fierce contest is raging between the Government and the opposition presses. The latter charge the Ministry with corruption and a failure of the financial administration. It is stated that, when seen in public, Louis Philippe looks careworn and oppressed, requiring the aid of his stick to sustain his usually erect figure.

The French funds have largely participated in the embarrassments caused by the raising of the rates of discount in England.

Portugal is quiet, and the Spanish forces have been withdrawn from Oporto.

The accounts from Italy are various. The progress of liberal opinions, particularly in the Papal States, is viewed with great alarm by both France and Austria.

In Ireland the elections have been somewhat stormier than in England, and the returns will stand very much as they did in the last Parliament.

O'Connell's funeral was celebrated with great pomp. The event has left no after-excitement of any consequence.

The Bank of England, on the 5th ult., again raised the rate of discount, a momentary panic followed, numerous heavy failures took place amongst the largest houses engaged in the corn trade, and a very large number of American drafts, drawn upon these houses, are returned by the Caledonia, protested for non-payment.

The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas, in a postscript to his letter of the 18th, says:—"The merchants of Boston and New York, will read their private letters by this mail with fear and trembling, *for an immense number of corn bills, drawn upon the best and wealthiest houses of London, Liverpool and Ireland, have been protested, and will go back by the Caledonia.* Within one week several old firms, largely engaged in the corn trade, have stopped payment. Their total liabilities are stated to exceed £2,000,000, and a large portion of this amount is known to be due to American houses. *The worst is not yet come. Failures in England, Ireland, and on the Continent, are daily announced, while hundreds of small firms go over the dam and their names are not mentioned.* The monetary crisis and the troubles of April last were trifles compared with the present alarming state of affairs.

[It must be taken into consideration that these accounts embrace also those brought by the Guadalquiver; hence the failures, or most of them, at any rate, are twice reported.]

The bullion in the Bank of England, according to the last weekly reports, amounted to £9,252,820, or £78,130 less than the return of the previous week.

The English harvest will be the most abundant known for years, and the potato crop promises to yield abundantly.

CORN MARKET

Liverpool, August 19.—Best Western Canal Flour 26s to 26s 6d; Richmond and Alexandria 25s. to 25s 6d; Baltimore and Philadelphia 24s to 25s. New Orleans and Ohio 23s to 24s. Sour 20s. to 21s. U. S. Wheat, white and mixed per 70 lbs., 7s 9d to 8s 6d; red 6s. 9d. to 7s. 6d. Indian Corn, 28s. to 30s. per quarter. Corn Meal per bbl., 12s. to 13s. 6d. Oats per 45 lbs., 3s. to 3s. 4d. Barley per 60 lbs., 3s. 9d. to 4s. 3d. Oatmeal per 240 lbs., 30s. to 32s. Rye per 480 lbs., 30s. to 34s.

A serious downward tendency has taken place in the grain market since the departure of the steamer of the 4th, only, occasionally, arrested by broken weather. This, however, has failed to give a firm tone to the markets, though yesterday the above quotations were freely realized, and greater confidence was manifested among buyers. The certainty of a bountiful harvest at home, coupled with the continued and large imports of breadstuffs, forced upon our markets by the necessities of holders, must exercise a still stronger depressing influence upon the trade, and it may be fairly inferred that the markets have not, as yet, retrograded to any thing like the point to which they appear destined to fall.

COTTON MARKET

This market continues dull at prices rather in favor of buyers. Bowl Georgia may be quoted for ordinary to middling 6¾ to 7¼d. per lb.; fair to good fair 7½ to 7¾d. Mobile ordinary to middling 6¾ to 7¼; good fair 7½ to 7¾d.; fine 7¾ to 8d. Alabama and Tennessee, ordinary to middling 6½ to 6¾d. New Orleans, ordinary to middling 6½ to 6¾d; good fair 7¾ to 8d; fine 8¼ to 9d. Sea Island, ordinary to middling 10 to 13d; good fair 15 to 17d.; fine 20 to 24d.; Sea Island stained ranges from 6½ to 10d.

The sales of Cotton since Friday have been 16,500 bales, of which speculators have taken 3,000 and exporters 1,500. The stock on hand at present is estimated at 397,820, against 541,020 at the same period last year.

It was hoped by many that the unfavorable accounts of the growing crops brought by the last steamer, would give vitality to the market, but any such influence would have been seriously counteracted by the high value of money, and the continued dullness of trade in the manufacturing districts.

Provision Market.—Prime mess beef, per tierce, new, 90 to 92s. 6d.; ordinary 80 to 88s. Mess per bbl. 50 to 56s., ordinary 42 to 48s. Pork, prime mess per bbl., 65 to 70s.; old 51 to 60s. Mess 65 to 70s.; prime 48 to 55s. Bacon, dried and smoked—old 35 to 40s. per cwt.; long middles in salt 45 to 62s.; short do., 45 to 62s.

Cheese.—Fine 53s. to 55s. per cwt. Middling 46 to 49s., ordinary 40 to 44s. Hams—smoked or dry in canvass 40 to 54s. per cwt.; in casks salted 30 to 45s. Rice—Carolina dressed, first quality, 19s. 6d. to 22s.; second quality, 18s. 6d. to 21s. Metals—British bar iron per ton £9 7s. to £9 10s. Hoops £11 10s. to £11 15s. Sheets £11 10s. to £11 15s. Welsh bar iron £8 10s. to £8 15s. Tin plates 1c., best charcoal 30s. per box, X 36s.

From the Seat of War

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

SCOTT AT AYOTLA.

By the arrival of the schooner Mississippi, Vera Cruz dates to the 21st ult. have been received at New Orleans, containing the following important intelligence:—

News had been received at Vera Cruz by a gentleman from Ayotla, who came by way of Orizaba, that the vanguard of Gen. Scott's army had reached Ayotla, (which is but twenty miles from the Capital,) on the 13th, to which date not a gun had been fired.

The reinforcements from Major Lally, that left Vera Cruz under the command of Capt. Wells, consisting of Wells and Pailes' infantry, and Major Child's lancers, returned on the 17th, after having proceeded as far as the National Bridge, where they were overtaken by an express from Vera Cruz, informing them that information had been received that Major Lally had gone on safely beyond Jalapa.

The command of Capt. Wells was compelled to fight its way to the National Bridge, and made an attempt to pass it, but the heights around it were all occupied by the guerillas, who opened a heavy fire upon them, causing severe loss and killing nearly all the mules and horses, and forcing the whole party to retire. All their wagons, except one containing the officers baggage and knapsacks, were left in the possession of the enemy.

Loss of the Americans five or six killed and two or three wounded, and several others subsequently died of fatigue. A detachment of twelve dragoons, accompanied by Surgeon Cooper, previously despatched by Wells for the Bridge, and to report to Lally, has not since been heard from, and it is supposed the whole party have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Major Lally is reported to have had a severe skirmish with the guerillas at Cerro Gordo, and expected another at Laperia Heights. The letters say that there is no doubt of the safety of the train.

No news had reached Vera Cruz in relation to Captain Besancon's company, which had left on a scout at the time that the news of Major Lally's dangerous position had reached Vera Cruz. It is supposed by some that this company fell in with the train at the National Bridge, and had gone on with it; but it is feared by others that the company has been cut off by the Mexicans.

It was rumored at Vera Cruz that Gen. Scott had met the enemy and been repulsed, after a sharp engagement, with a loss on our side of 800, the Mexican loss unimportant. The Picayune's correspondence says there is no truth in this rumor, but places confidence in the statement that Gen. Scott had reached Ayotla on the 13th, without any loss.

The letter writers, as well as the Vera Cruz papers, concur in the belief that the City of Mexico was in our possession on the 20th, but there is no positive information to that effect.

The Jalapa Boletin has advices from Puebla to the 13th, stating that the last division of the army, four thousand strong, had left on that day.

SHAMEFUL CONDUCT.

We are mortified to learn from the Matamoras Flag, that some of the American troops have been committing the most brutal outrages upon unoffending Mexicans in that vicinity. The Flag says:

About two o'clock in the night of the 12th inst., a party of Americans, mounted, armed and equipped as our volunteer cavalry, rode into the rancho of Solirena, about eight leagues distant from this city, the inhabitants of which are in daily intercourse with us, and under the pretence of searching for arms, entered the dwellings, and perpetrated outrages of every imaginable kind. The men were abused and forced to flee from their houses, the women were insulted, their jewelry and trinkets taken from them, and every dwelling robbed of what money could be found. One Mexican, who has made a report to the board of alcaldes of this city, states his loss at over $150—money that he had received from the sale of wood to steamboats.

Several other ranchos were visited by this party during the same night, but the inhabitants were forewarned of their approach, and fled to the woods with every thing valuable they possessed—few of them have yet ventured to return. From the rancho of Guadaloupe, only three leagues from here, the inhabitants have likewise fled, and deem it unsafe to return until some protection is afforded them.

A few days previous to these occurrences, a similar body of men, conducted by two Mexicans, visited the rancho of La Jarita, and perpetrated like and even worse crimes. Fears of still more serious consequences to themselves, should they report the offenders to the commandant here, induced the Mexicans to bear their wrongs in silence—hence the reason so many days have elapsed without any mention being made of it.

We are glad to learn that Col. Davenport, the commandant at Matamoras, is using every effort to ferret out the perpetrators of these outrages. The man who, clothed in the uniform of his country, would disgrace that uniform and his flag, by robbery and worse crimes, is unworthy of the name of an American, and should be first punished, and then drummed out of the ranks to the tune of the "Rogue's March."

Miscellaneous.

TURKEY BUZZARDS FOR FOOD.

The Medical Gazette of London states, amongst other wonders of the day, that establishments have been opened at Berlin, Prussia, for the sale of horse flesh as an edible article; and, that in order to render popular this description of food, a public banquet was recently given in that city, at which seventy persons sat down to a feast upon the body of a mare seven years old.

Apropos to this announcement, a late number of the New Orleans Delta has a reminder of the peculiar predilections of the late Commodore Kearney, a part of whose doctrine of animal economy it was, that *everything that existed was fit to eat, if one could but discover the way to cook or prepare it.* "He would eat heartily," says the Delta, "of many animals usually considered unclean and forbidden to human appetites. Rats and mice were always preferred by him to squirrels and rabbits, and a good Tomcat threw a roast pig into the shade. Horse tenderloin, and mule rump-steaks, lay more quietly and pleasantly under his waistcoat, than the best cuts of beef. Puppy pies and fricaseed kittens were favorite side-dishes. The Commodore never was stumped but once, and that was by a turkey buzzard. He had succeeded in overcoming his scruples in regard to all other creatures, and had but one step to take to complete the entire success of his theory, and that was to cook up a turkey buzzard in an agreeable and attractive shape. This was to be the crowning sheaf of his theory. Accordingly he set to work, consulting all the celebrated culinary works, drawing largely upon science and sauce, to modify the repugnant, and augment the agreeable properties of the buzzard. He first roasted it, with truffles and sauce piquante. In this form he tasted of the dish, and it was decidedly disagreeable, even to the Commodore's strong stomach; he then tried it—the same qualities still clung to it; a fricasee hardly improved the taste; a boil seemed to develope its nauseousness; a broil failed to weaken its peculiar flavor. And here the Commodore's skill was brought to a halt. Unfortunately, he had not yet heard of a form in which, we think, he might have succeeded in his darling object, and which is a very popular dish in this country; we mean our national dish—gumbo. But alas! the Commodore entirely failed in his experiment, and was forced to admit, that in whatever form he cooked it up, a 'turkey buzzard would be a *turkey buzzard* still!'"

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

We find in a recent number of the Newark Advertiser, the following remarkable account of a marriage which was celebrated in New Jersey a few months since, attended by remarkable circumstances. It certainly proves that "while there is life there is *hope*,"—and not of prolonged existence only in the usual sense, but of reformation of character, where such change is necessary.

Some eighteen years ago the bride and bridegroom, then quite young, were living together in the same house, and became much attached to each other. The parents of the young woman, however, bitterly opposed their marriage, and finally succeeded in breaking off the courtship, and in driving the young man from the neighborhood. He became intemperate and led a restless and wandering life, useless and burdensome, apparently to himself and to all with whom he was connected. In the meantime the mother of the girl died, and she herself removed to a little farm which she inherited, where she lived by herself without neighbor or associate, doing her own work, even to clearing up her farm, repairing her fences, planting her fields, and the like, leading the life of a solitary misanthrope, though maintaining a character for correct and virtuous deportment. About a year ago, the man quit his intemperate habits and became industrious, and having then heard the situation of his old sweetheart, and the death of her mother, he came to this section to see her. He found her in the solitary fields burning brush. They recognized each other, and then related the various scenes which they had passed through since 1830, renewed their vows, and agreed to be married in the coming autumn. He returned to his business in Franklin county, but was hardly home before he was back again. The result of their second interview was that they agreed to be married at once. The marriage was accordingly celebrated. And a friend who visited them the other day, and who related to us these circumstances, says that they have apparently renewed their youth. The lady has deserted the brush heaps and the fences to perform the more seemly duties of a wife at home, while the man has taken her wonted place, and cheerfulness and happiness dwell in the home of the former misanthrope, and sobriety and industry have supplanted the habits of the drunkard.

THE APPLE.

The high chamberlain at the court of King Herod was clad in purple and costly attire; his wealth was unbounded, and he lived sumptuously every day.

There came unto him from a far country a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years; and the chamberlain gave a great feast, and invited many guests to honor the stranger.

Rich viands in dishes of gold and silver, and costly vessels of cordial and wine were spread in profusion upon the board; and the rich man sat at the head of the board and made good cheer; and at his right hand sat his friend, that had come from a distant land. And they ate and drank and were filled.

Then the man from a far country spake to the chamberlain of King Herod: "Such sumptuousness and splendor as appears in thy house, I have never seen in my own land, far and near." And he admired the splendor of the rich man, and called him fortunate above all men upon earth.

But the rich man, the chamberlain of the king, took an apple from a golden stand. The apple was large and fair, and of a purple red; and the rich man said, "Behold this apple rested upon gold; and it is fair to the eye!" and he reached it to the stranger, the friend of his youth; but the stranger cut the apple, and lo! in its middle was a worm!

Then the stranger looked sidewise at the chamberlain; but the chief chamberlain looked down upon the earth and sighed!

PUT TO FLIGHT.

When the new Indiana regiment was on its way to Camargo, a few weeks ago, it evinced no disposition to obey the officers of the steamboat, although prompt to yield submission to its military superiors. As the steamboat was breasting the current under full head of steam, the volunteers placed themselves on the shady side, listing the boat so as to make her rather unmanageable. The engineer called out "trim boat," but no one answered. The request was repeated, but the volunteers stood their ground, determined to meet the danger of "bursting boilers" or "collapsed flues" rather than forego the comfort of the moment. The engineer thought that if the volunteers would "keep shady" he might as well test their courage, and at the same time force them to "keep cool." As the lead showed that there was only four feet of water in the channel, he suddenly raised the truck valve and let loose a current of steam upon the military heroes, who were in an instant overboard and up to their armpits in the river. The lord of steam had nearly routed a whole regiment, which fled ingloriously at the first charge.—*St. Louis Union.*

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

Flour and Meal.—Tuesday, 3, P. M.—The market for breadstuffs is inactive, from the light supply and small amount coming forward. We notice limited sales of fresh ground Pennsylvania and Western Flour at $5¾ a $5⅞. We hear of small sales of Rye Flour, at about $3¾ a $3⅞. Corn Meal is worth $3 for Penna., and $3¼ for Brandywine.

Grain.—The stock of grain continues light. Wheat, Southern and Western red is worth $1 14 a $1 15; white $1 19 a $1 25. Corn, Penna. yellow is worth 73c. Rye is firmer, and selling at 75 a 78c. Oats 40 a 41.

Whiskey is dull at 25½c. in hhds. and 26½ bbls.—*Public Ledger.*

The Representative System in Europe.—A comparative view of the Representative system of Government, as far as it obtains in three of the principal countries of the world, exhibits these results:

In Great Britain, a population of 26,711,859 in 1840, contained 1,066,860 electors, or about one person in every twenty-five had a vote.

In the United States, a population of 17,063,[illegible] in 1840, gave 2,403,185 votes at the Presidential election, or about one in every seven had a vote.

In France, a population of 35,000,000, contains about 200,000 electors, or very nearly one in every one hundred and seventy-five have a vote.

Female Definitions.—Not far from Correct.—*Parasols.*—A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone.

Straps.—An article worn under the boots by gentlemen made of calfskin.

Kites.—Light frames covered with paper and sent into the air by boys with tails attached to them.

Up Again.—At the next General Convention of the Episcopal Church, New York, the matter of Bishop Onderdonk's trial will be brought up for revision.

Casualties.

THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.

The California Star contains a detailed account of the sufferings of the emigrants in the mountains of California. It is a dreadful chapter of horrors, which gives a faint idea of the terrible state to which they were reduced. The full story of their sufferings will probably never be written, nor can it be portrayed in language—the agony of mind, the despair and frenzy, the crushed hopes of relief, and the continued and torturing thoughts of being thus shut out from all succor, amidst impenetrable drifts of snow, must have made up a sum of horror too dreadful for human endurance.

Mr. P. assisted to bury several of the party, on his route in. Four of them were recognized: Balis Williams, Lemuel Murphy, Mrs. Donner and Mrs. Murphy. The last named female was found near one of the huts, with her thigh cut away for food, and the saw used to dismember her body lying alongside of her.

The cannibal, Kessburg, it is supposed, killed Mrs. Donner, in order to gratify his whetted appetite for human food; and he stated to the party who found him engaged at his horrid meal, that he preferred it to cattle beef.

In speaking of these sufferings, the editor of the Star, says:

When this sad intelligence reaches the States, it will, we apprehend, occasion a considerable diminution in the emigration to California for a few years to come; but we trust, however, it will be productive of good result in awakening the authorities of the Union, to the actual necessity of another and a better road to this country; as until this is effected, a yearly occurrence of similar mishaps may be expected, and emigration, at length, entirely cease; for the difficulties and dangers are too appalling for even the bold and energetic emigrant to face, and he defers his "heart's wishes" in hopes of a better and more practicable route to California.

Caution Against Leaning Out of Railroad Cars.—A passenger in the 4 o'clock train from Jersey City, on Friday afternoon week, put his head out of the car while crossing the bridge over the Passaic, thinking he saw a man in the river when it was caught by a beam connected with the frame work of the draw, which cut his nose open and terribly lacerated his face.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, assisted by *James B. Smith, T. Goodfore Smith, J. T. Dent, E. T. Jennings, and Frederick J. Heroes.*

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Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

CHAS S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do do do for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

Local Intelligence.

AN OUTRAGE.

We hope the following will be a warning to those of our fair lady readers who can avoid it, not to walk out street alone after dark. They must remember that every year, as our city becomes larger and wealthier, it also becomes more infested with rogues and villains. The police should also be increased and enjoined to greater vigilance every year, for the protection of those females who are forced to leave or return to their homes after night-fall:

A few evenings since, a gentleman and his wife left their dwelling together, but had not proceeded far when they separated, and as the wife was passing along Buttonwood street, below Broad, she was rudely assailed by a young man, who caught hold of her by the throat and shoulders. She became exceedingly alarmed, and screamed for help, and the scoundrel, fearing detection, ran away. On reaching her home she was seized with chronic convulsions, and exhibited symptoms of a serious character, which were produced by the fright and violent treatment which she had received. Dr. Haines was called in, and through his skill and attention serious consequences were averted, which the condition into which she had been thrown threatened.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The circular of the committee on exhibitions of the Franklin Institute is published, inviting manufacturers and mechanics to contribute to the exhibition such of their works as they desire to submit to public inspection. Goods must be sent in before Tuesday, the 14th of October, on which day the exhibition opens. The regulations are substantially the same as at former exhibitions.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

Our subscribers must not forget that this beautiful exhibition of fruits and flowers opens upon the fifteenth of this month. It is to continue open, we believe, for three days. We expect to see a fine representation of the beauty and manhood of the Counties adjoining Philadelphia, among the crowd always present at this exhibition.

☞ The Germantown railroad intends to make hourly trips from Philadelphia, as soon as the arrangement can be made, probably early next spring.

BOARD OF HEALTH. The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 136; adults 56, and children 79.

General News.

SINGULAR INVENTION.

The Pittsburg Journal has examined an invention made by Mr. Lilly, of that city, in connection with Dr. Colton, which seems to challenge attention, not only for the ingenuity which it displays, but the useful results which it promises. The machine is a small locomotive, and is placed upon a circular railroad, around which it is driven by electricity. The power is applied, not to the locomotive, but to the track, and herein consists the novelty of the invention or discovery. Two currents of electricity, negative and positive, are applied to the rails, and from thence communicate with the engine. The latter is provided with two magnets, which, by a process of alternate attraction and repulsion, drive the car over the track. A piece of lead was placed on the locomotive, making in all a weight of about ten pounds, and on the application of the battery, the machine moved with astounding rapidity up a plane inclined about five degrees. Heretofore the propelling power has been used on the car itself—in this instance the power is placed in the rails, and an engineer might remain at his own town, and with his battery send a locomotive and train to any distance required.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

The Journal of Commerce says that letters have been received in New York, by the Caledonia, from unquestionable sources, which announce that on the 26th of July last the King of Denmark issued a decree declaring that all persons who should thereafter be born in his dominions should be born free, and that all persons in servitude in his dominions on the 28th of July last, and remaining so on the 28th of July, 1850, shall then be absolutely free, without compensation to the owners.

In the negotiation with the colonists which preceded the issuing of this decree, he offered them the alternative of the slaves with a compensation of $50 per head for each slave, or twelve years without any compensation—and they chose the latter.

Denmark has three small islands in the West Indies, viz: St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John's. St. Croix contains about 30,000 slaves. St. Thomas and St. John perhaps 5,000 more.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

The Sandwich Observer, published in Barnstable county, Massachusetts, says that the potato disease has made its appearance in that place. A field planted with the pink-eye variety was found entirely destroyed by it. Another field planted with 4 bushels was free from the disease.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, an attempt to avoid the disease by digging the potatoes early in the present season, is mentioned. It failed, the potatoes being attacked by it in the bins.

The Gospel Banner, Augusta, Maine, says the potato rot has made its appearance in several fields in that neighborhood.

A Nova Scotia paper says:—We regret to state that the potato disease has again made its appearance in this country. Two days ago we saw a field perfectly blackened with it.

THE TELEGRAPH.

England is far behind us in the practical adaptation of the Telegraph. The Athenæum of August 14th says:—"The services of this wonderful agent have at length been called into requisition for the purposes of the press. The second edition of the Manchester Times of Saturday last, contains a report of a public meeting supplied by the above means; and this, we are informed by the proprietors, is the first time that the electric telegraph has been made available for such a purpose." In our country it has been in use three years and a half for the purposes of the press.

AN EXTENSIVE FAMILY.

Three sons, a celebration at Smethport, Mass., a few days ago, of a family which included nearly two thousand persons. They were the descendants of Henry Leland, and the celebration was the erection of a monument to his memory. The preparations for this family meeting have been for sometime making, and great labor has been expended in collecting the several lines of his children, amounting in all to near forty thousand persons, living and dead.—*Exchange paper.*

RECIPE.—During the great struggle to obtain a reformation of the Church in Scotland, a Puritan, from some cause fell into a ditch and could not get out. A passer by observed him, and offered his assistance, but the hero of mud would not accept it until he knew what was the religion of his kind neighbor. "I am a Catholic," was the reply. "You may go," said the other, "for I shan't be helped out of this ditch by a Catholic."

☞ The munitious proprietors of 6 tin mines are upon a strike, because the authorities will not permit them to run on Sundays. They say that if they can't run on Sunday, they won't run on Saturday, and so they don't turn out on that day.

☞ Superb agates are found on the shores of Lake Superior, and brought to New York to be worked and set.

☞ It is said that mulberry leaves produce excellent milk.

Our Correspondents

SWITZERLAND.

[We have received the following communication, called forth by last week's editorial upon Switzerland. As it is very difficult to arrive at the true state of affairs in any foreign country, and as there are always two sides to every question, we publish the remarks of "Americus" with pleasure. We agree with "Americus" in a remark made in his accompanying note, that "much information is still wanted to enable us fully to understand the question."]

It is difficult in this country to get correct information respecting Swiss affairs; and what we do get is usually upon one side, and that the "radical" one, with which we are likely to sympathize, because liberal principles like our own are usually stigmatized as *radical* by monarchists. The political condition of Switzerland is a question of great interest to Americans, who should watch the result with a view to the bearing of similar questions here. Like the United States, the Swiss republic is composed of a number of independent states or cantons, united under a federal compact or constitution, each canton making its own laws. This mode secures the independence of the individual states, particularly such as are weak, or have peculiar views or institutions.

As I understand the question, the more powerful Protestant cantons passed laws expelling the Jesuits, and endeavored to force the Catholic cantons to institute them; but these refused, thinking the education of their children in competent hands. Among the means resorted to to compel the Catholic cantons to recede, was the formation of an illegal "free corps," which marched against the Catholics with arms, and but for the forbearance of the latter in one of the conflicts, most of the "corps" might have been cut to pieces instead of being taken prisoners, in this piratical expedition. The Protestants now passed laws against the "free corps," and feeling their strength, determined to set aside the federal compact and substitute another which would enable them the better to control the rights of the minority, if indeed these could form any part under a new compact without their consent. As might have been anticipated, the minority desire the constitutionality of these proceedings, and in their turn form a "sonderland," not for invasion, but for mutual protection, and to uphold the compact upon their own soil.

If the view here given is correct, the so-called radical party in Switzerland is not a liberal party, nor one with which the American people can have any sympathy; but one of tyranny, rather, which attempts to trample upon independent rights; and possibly this is the cause of the interference of France and Prussia. It is difficult to assign an honest motive for the course of Austria's policy, usually so corrupt; since, according to the Encyclopedia or Geography, the Catholic cantons are "the most purely democratic." Possibly, should the Swiss take up arms (as they must, if the new constitution is insisted upon), it is feared that the example of fighting for rights may be imitated beyond the borders.

AMERICUS.

"NO MACHINE CREATES POWER."

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in your paper of August 28th, an article entitled "Artificial Water Power," containing the remark, "No machine creates power." Now this is a mistake—not but that the writer was correct in his assertion so far as the driving of machinery is concerned; for no machine, however complete or ingenious it may be, can exert any more power than is applied; consequently such a machine as an automaton can never be constructed. But the ply or ballance wheel of a steam engine serves to continue the motion of the crank beyond the centre where the piston is driven to the other end of the cylinder; without which there would be no action of the machine. Now this is what I call an exception to the rule, "No machine creates power." Again, he says, "I have heard men say a large fly-wheel creates a greater power," and goes on to say that such wheels, according to such false notions, ought to run by their own inclination. This is no false notion—for if a large fly wheel does not create a corresponding power, what is the reason a small or light one is not sufficient to drive the same machine? The inertia of a light and heavy object are two things as much as fire and water are two distinct elements. He also says, "In the Saturday Evening Post of the 11th inst., however, I see that there are people still labouring under the mistake that machines do create power, and pretend to raise a quantity of water to a certain height by process of machine, with two men's power, which in descending the same height, and in as much time, will be so well tuned to purpose as to equal eight horse power." Now I do not suppose that the inventor of this machine meant to be understood that he not have really raised the water by that distinct power equal to the power of two men. I shall hope to see this published in your paper, to show to the public that in some instances machines do create power. I should be glad to hear further on this subject from some of the correspondents of the Post.

T.

Items of News.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A man by the name of Edward Shanks, residing in the town of Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y., was bitten by a mad dog some two years since in Chicago, while on a visit there. He never felt the effects of the bite until the week before last, when he was violently attacked, and had twenty-five paroxysms, which are said to have been of the most alarming character. He was bled freely, and so reduced as to stop the convulsions, and is now comparatively easy, with prospects of a recovery.

SUICIDE.—We are informed that the schr. Eunice Rose, Captain Grannis, from this port for New York, with five thousand four hundred kegs of gunpowder on board, was struck by lightning, on Thursday night last, while passing Sow and Pigs Reefs. The lightning shivered the mast and passed off laterally without igniting the powder or doing any other serious injury. A more discriminating stroke of the electric fluid is seldom made.—*Hartford Courant.*

HEMP.—We learn from the St. Louis Reveille, that the receipts of dew-rotted hemp at that place since the beginning of the present year, more than double those of the whole preceding year. The receipts this year amount to 12,791 bales, while the receipts for the corresponding period last year were but 5,948 bales, and for the whole year 10,-399; and those for 1845, were 20,497 bales.

BODY FOUND.—A skeleton of a man was discovered in Baltimore recently, a short distance below the surface of the earth. The flesh and clothing had all decayed, except a pair of boots which were on his feet. No one could be obtained as to who he was, but many persons suppose, from the circumstances, that it is the remains of a man named Baker, who lived in that section of the city, and mysteriously disappeared about six years since.

ANTI-RENT.—The Hudson (New York) Gazette chronicles another anti-rent outrage which took place a few days since in the neighborhood of Taghanic. The Sheriff of the County made a carrion escape with his life. Those anti-rent men, if they don't behave better, will have to be *waxed up.*

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—The Boston Chronotypo says a physician in Manchester, N. H., a few days ago, opened the stomach of a patient and removed several hard substances, which had completely obstructed the passage from it. However singular this may seem, it is nevertheless true.

FOUNDED.—Two children at Stockholm, Morris County, (New Jersey,) were seriously poisoned a few days ago, by eating the green berries of a shrub, known in the neighborhood as Jerusalem Cross. The mother was made very sick last summer in the same way.

SUICIDE NO PAPER.—Col. Benton has stopped his paper, the Whig, of Washington, because it stated that he intended to make an attack on the administration next session. He either is displeased at the assertion itself, or at the strong terms in which it was stated.

DEBATE CERTAINLY IS UNCOMMON.—Three lots, in Dekalb county, Georgia, fourteen miles below the town of Atlanta, a stone mountain, which is a great natural curiosity, and yet very little known. It is in sight of the railroad leading to Atlanta.

COAL AND ITS VALUE.—A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, estimates the supply of coal from the Anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, at 2,800,000 tons, which, at $4 per ton, its average price at tide water, amounts in value to $11,200,000.

AGRICULTURAL.—Miss Hannah Gragg has been appointed Post-mistress, at Barre Post-office, in room of James M. Gragg, deceased.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—A milkman leaving one of his cans of water instead of a can of milk at the residence of a customer.

A GREAT COAT.—The editor of the Vicksburg Whig has seen a coat lately, that measured five feet around the waist. It was made for a gentleman from Kentucky, whose weight is four hundred pounds, is twenty-six years old, and has not yet got his full growth. He is about six feet six inches in height, measures fifty-four inches over the breast, the result is, he has the flour on hand yet, and will if obliged to sell at present prices, suffer a loss of four thousand dollars! by the depreciation.

HE SAYS SO.—A French surgeon asserts that, by exposing men and animals to a galvanic current from Clarke's magneto-electro apparatus, he has so succeded in rendering them as insensible to pain as if they had inhaled sulphuric ether.

A POST OFFICE ROBBED.—The Northampton (Mass.) Post Office was robbed last week. About three or four hundred letters were taken, one containing seventy-nine dollars, and another a draft for one hundred and ten dollars.

THE WHEELING BRIDGE.—An engineer is now engaged in marking out the ground for the bridge across the Ohio at Wheeling. The span will be exactly 1,010 feet from centre to centre of the abutments.

A COINCIDENCE.—General Santa Anna debarked from a British steamer, at Vera Cruz, on the 11th of August, 1846, and Paredes likewise landed from a British steamer on the 14th of August, 1847.

NAUGHTY BOYS.—It is said that the boys in a ten-pin alley at White Sulphur Springs, refused to put up the pins for ex-President Tyler, when they found out who he was!

ELOPEMENT.—A man, belonging in Lowell, eloped from that place, with a married woman, on Friday week. He left behind him a wife and three children.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—The story about General Taylor resigning his command and returning home to the United States, in November, has been again raised.

MORE TROOPS FROM LOUISIANA.—The Secretary of War has directed two more companies of mounted men to be recruited in this State.

Political Intelligence

ILLINOIS.—The Illinois State Convention has made it the duty of the Legislature, by a vote of two thirds of its first session under the amended Constitution, to pass such laws as will effectually prohibit free persons of color from immigrating to and settling in that State. They are also to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the owners of slaves from the introduction of slaves into the State for the purpose of settling them free. The people, however, are yet to vote upon the matter.

DOUBTFUL.—A Washington letter states, that just before his death, Hon. Silas Wright wrote a letter to a friend, in which he avowed a determination not to be a candidate for the Presidency.

RHODE ISLAND.—The election in Rhode Island for a member of Congress, has resulted in the Democrats carrying their candidate. This is a Democratic gain.

Clippings.

☞ Mr. C. Ley has presented to Capt. Cutter a gold ring, set with a precious stone, and inclosing a braid of hair of his lamented son, the late Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, Jr., as a memorial of gratitude for the generous office Capt. C. rendered him in his last moments on the bloody field of Buena Vista.

☞ California would be a great place for mechanics if they had any money there. The price of making a coat is twenty-five dollars! and five dollars for pants. A black-smith can earn from six to ten dollars a day, if he'll take it out in what he can get.

☞ "Wal write," said a countryman, yesterday, "I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on from one town to another, bearing all sorts of—La me, they don't send the paper, they just send the writin' in a fluid state." "Oh, that's the way, hey?"

☞ A section of the Jewish nation in Rome, calling itself "Young Palestine," affects to believe Pope Pius IX. the Messiah. The Conservatives, another section, say that he is *merely* a great prophet.

☞ They talk of commencing an extensive cotton factory in Washington city. The Delta says—"We know of no better location for one. The members of Congress will supply the yarns."

☞ A good liver in Cincinnati, the other night had all his champagne stolen by a wag of a thief, who left this note in the cellar: *Dear M.—You tried your wine—it wasn't hard to take.*

☞ The Scientific American says, "What is generally considered as constituting a horse power, is a power sufficient to raise one hundred and thirty pounds one hundred feet in one minute.

☞ Incendiarism is so common at Petersburg, Va., that the Intelligencer of that place says: "Now-a-days a man knows when he lays his head down on his pillow that he is safe until morning."

☞ It is stated on good authority that the crop of Corn from the North to the South of Germany are most abundant, and the harvest in many places is already completed.

☞ The Camanches have a great many possessions, whom they use as slaves. They are principally white women and children, and are stripped and painted black.

☞ A new mode of dispersing mobs has been discovered out west, which is said to supercede the necessity of military force. It is, to pass round a contribution box.

☞ Mrs. Catherine Butterworth died at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 10th ult., at the advanced age of *one hundred and fourteen years!* She was a native of Kildare, Ireland.

☞ The wife of Asahel Alprich, of Clarksburg, Mass., has given birth to three sons, weighing seven pounds each, all of whom are living and doing well.

☞ The political writings of the late Governor Silas Wright, are to be published by Ransom H. Gillet, who has been for some time collecting them.

☞ The citizens of Rochester, N. Y., recently held a public meeting to adopt measures to secure the passage of a liberal General Manufacturing Law.

☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson will sail for England on the 1st of October, being invited to lecture at some of the principal cities of the King dom.

☞ We hear, says an exchange, of a petition in circulation urging that no widow shall be allowed to marry until all the single ladies are disposed of.

☞ Great preparations are making for the approaching fair at Saratoga. The committees are busy in causing the erection of traces, &c.

☞ The Louisville Journal says that the President has made another requisition upon the Governor of Illinois for a regiment of volunteers.

☞ The receipts of Corn at New York, this for this year, exceed by 2,981,826 bushels, the entire receipts of 1846.

☞ It is said in a letter from London, that Fanny Elssler has lost $30,000 francs by the failure of a banker at Venice.

☞ Communications can now be sent from Buffalo to Cleveland, via Albany, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

☞ Counterfeit five dollar notes on the Danbury (Conn.) Bank, poorly executed, are in circulation at the East.

☞ During the last eight months, 116,981 immigrants have arrived at New York alone.

☞ Ex-President Tyler and lady left Albany on Saturday last for Niagara Falls.

☞ Fourteen hundred Hollanders are settling in Marion county, Wisconsin.

Religious Intelligence

MARRIAGES.—Mrs. Farwell, of Cambridge, Mass., recently dead, left thirty thousand dollars to the Baptist Board of Missions. She and her husband had previously given one hundred thousand dollars.

☞ Bishops Hawkes and Kemper, of Missouri and Wisconsin, are now in New York.

Varieties.

FANNY FORESTER.

Mrs. Judson, (late "Fanny Forester,") in a letter from Rangoon, India, mentions the way in which she spends her days in her new home as follows:

At half-past five in the morning I take a ride on horseback, from which I return at half-past six. To throw off my riding dress, take a bath, and put on a loose morning gown occupies scarcely five minutes. Then I go through the house, overturning, restifying, and arranging, directing and praising—teach the "small people," &c. At seven my teacher comes, and with "Mamma" and "Mrs." almost constantly ringing in my ears by way of request, complaint or question, I stumble through Rose O'Neil, eight. By the way, I can read the language quite intelligently and intelligibly, though I cannot speak it much, or understand it when spoken. At eight we have family worship, and at half-past eight breakfast. At ten my teacher comes again, I keep him as long as I can, but I find studying with a teacher very fatiguing. Alone I get along much easier, though not so rapidly. My Burman woman mends the children's clothes, &c., and I have quite an art in my study though the day, for she requires constant showing. That helps to call the children, and the children the dog, (their especial property,) and so I do not unfrequently have a little bedlam about me. I divide my time between books and family matters until five, when we dine. The Doctor then comes from his study, and after dinner, (as he thinks exercise is life,) we walk in the yard or inside the castle-light. He then goes again to his study, while I see the little ones under their mosquito curtains. At seven we have Burman worship.

FANNY BUTLER.

Mrs. (Fanny Kemble) Butler is the subject of a very odd anecdote in the "Courtney Sun." On her passage to that Island from Jersey, it would appear that she was very ill on board the steamer, and, consequently, not much in the humor to be disturbed or spoken to. The stewardess was, however, obliged to ask for the fare; when the application was answered by Mrs. B. ejaculating, with a truly theatrical tone and attitude, "Woman, when you see a poor creature suffering as I am now, you should not ask for money." She said it in a joke, probably.

JENNY'S KISS.

In "Leigh Hunt's Men, Women and Books," is the following exquisite *rondeau*, which, too, says the poet, possesses the excellence, the additional interest of being the offspring of a real impulse, and of chronicling the loving audacity of one of the most charming of women:—

Jenny kissed me when we met
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

A DISCARDED HEADSMAN.—The public executioner of Paris having lately been dismissed from his place, without, as he thinks, sufficient cause, has drawn up and published a pamphlet, in which he pleads for restoration, on the ground that in the whole course of his existence he has acted with the greatest kindness and respect toward all his clients, that he has invariably cut off their heads in a very neat style, and with great despatch, and that he has introduced some important improvements in the guillotine.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT IN EARNEST.—A Scotch young lady, who went out on a matrimonial speculation to India, having heard a good deal of talk on the passage, about the musquitoes and of the wounds inflicted by the proboscis of that pest of hot climates, exclaimed in terror, on seeing an elephant when she landed at Madras, "Heh! sae, but there is one of those musquitoes, look at its probascis!"

MORE IMPROMPTUS THAN ONE.—A sprightly academician was one day making some free observations upon the Canons before an eminent sage of the late day. Beware, young man," says the prudent counsellor of the holy office, "and remember that there are starving as well as burning inquisitions."
—*Foreign Paper.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 4, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been quite inactive this week, and in order to effect sales a decline of 12½ cents per barrel was submitted to early in the week, but the transactions have been on the most restricted scale at from $5.75 and 5.75 for Pennsylvania and $5.87½@6 per bbl for Western. The receipts are quite limited. Yesterday further advices from the English market were telegraphed at an early hour, the effect of which was to engender a better tone for the market, which is generally refused to accept any reduction on the above rates, prior to the receipt of the full advices to come forward by mail. To-day these advices not having come to hand no operations were transpired and the market closes dull at $5.75@5.87½ for Pennsylvania and Western. The sales of Susquehanna were limited to several hundred barrels sold at $5.81 at Conn. Meal has declined. Sales of Pennsylvania early in the week at $3.12½@3.25, and since at $3.12½ per bbl. A sale of Brandywine at $3.00.

The exports from Philadelphia from 1st January to the 31st ult. have been as follows:

	Flour.	Meal.
Flour,	19,6	431
Rye Flour,		1,000
Corn Meal,		2,748

The rates for American Flour and Grain of Liverpool up to the 18th ult. stand as follows:

	Aug. 4	Aug. 11	Aug. 18
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
Flour, fresh,	35 0@37 0	35 0@37 0	35 0@37 0
Wheat, white,	8 8@ 9 2	8 8@ 9 0	7 10@ 8 6
" red,	7 6@ 8 0	7 6@ 8 0	7 10@ 8 0
Corn, mixed,	3 6@ 3 8	3 6@ 3 8	3 6@ 3 8
Meal, fresh,	17 0@18 0	17 0@18 0	17 0@18 0

Receipts in U. S. Currency.

Estimated at twenty-four cents to the Shilling.

	Aug. 4.	Aug. 11.	Aug. 18.
Flour, fresh,	$5.76@6.00	5.24@5.76	5.00@5.76
Wheat, white,	1.92@2.00	2.04@2.16	2.04@2.16
" red,	1.80@1.92	1.80@1.92	1.92@2.04
Corn, mixed,	0.84@0.90	0.84@0.90	0.84@0.90
Meal, fresh,	4.08@4.32	4.08@4.32	4.08@4.32

* At 5.10 to the bushel. 180lb is equal to eight and four-sevenths bushels. 1 S. standard.

GRAIN.—Wheat is taken about as fast as it arrives, but at the close prices are lower. Sales early in the week of 5000 bushels; and Pennsylvania at 92@93½c, and Delaware at 90@92½c. Rye is scarce and wanted at 60@62½c. Corn is in good demand and 5000 bushels Southern sold at 53@54c. Oats—Sales of 4000 bushels new South at 31½c, and inferior Western at 31@31½. Rye has been in good demand, and 3000 bushels sold at 58c. The receipts of Corn at New York, this week, are 80,000 bushels, and of Oats 50,000 bushels. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern and Canal yellow at 58c. Oats—Are in possession of old Pennsylvanians at 30@31c, new do at 40c, and new Southern at 30@31c.

The export from Philadelphia from 1st of January to the 31st ult. are as follows:

	Bushels.
Wheat,	128,165
Corn,	1,038,27

PROVISIONS.—Beef and Pork continue to very limited demand. We quote the latter at $15.50@16 per bbl for Western Mess, and $13@13.50 for Prime. Bacon is also dull of sale, but prices are steady. Lard—Prices are firm, with a light stock. Sales in kegs and kegs at 10@11c. Butter sells at 11@12c in tubs as wanted. Cheese is steady.

ASHES.—The last sale of unexpected Western Pots was at $4.75 per 100 lbs.

BARK.—Quercitron continues active, and 80 hhds have changed hands this week, at 830 per ton for first qual 28, No. 1 and in proportion for other grades. Further sales of Spanish Oak Bark at $17, 60x14, and 1 bounte Oak at $20@21.50 per cord.

BEESWAX.—Sales at 25@26 in the good yellow at 24@25c cash.

BREAD.—Prices are steady, with small sales. Exports from Philadelphia from 1st Jan. to 31st Aug. 1847, 51,110 bbls and kegs.

CANDLES.—Steady sales of Sperm are moving at 38@39c. Tallow sell at 9½ for Mould and 10c for Dipt per lb.

COAL.—The demand for Anthracite continues steady, and with only moderate receipts, prices are steady. A sale of Broadmeadows at 3½ per bushel.

COFFEE.—The market has been quiet, but firm, with light stocks, and only about 1,000 bags have changed hands this week, chiefly Rio in lots of 7 @7½, and a few Laguayra in retail at the same range.

COTTON.—There has been less animation in the market this week and prices are depressed, although no actual decline has taken place. The sales sum up 575 bales including 1 plantd. Mobile and New Orleans at prices within our range. By an arrival 140 bales domestic and New Orleans sold at 10@10½ cash.

	Upland.	New Orleans
Middling,	9¾@10	10 @10½
Good Middling,	10 @10½	10½@11
Middling Fair,	10½@11	11@11½
Fair,	11½@12	11½@12

The supply in Augusta was as follows:

	Upland.	Bales.
Sea Island,		1,000
Charleston,		450
Savannah,		150
Mobile,		900
New Orleans,		5,850
Total,		8,850
Previously this year,		13,150
Total,		28,150

COPPER.—A further sale of new Sheathing at 21½c cash.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—The demand for articles under this head, suitable for the fall trade, commences on the increase, and a large amount of goods is going forward by our State Works. Prices are steady.

FEATHERS.—Continue in fair demand. Sales of 3000 the Western at 30@32c per lb.

FISH.—Mackerel are in fair demand, and the new catch coming forward shortly, prices continue firm.—Sales of No. 1 at $12.50@13.00. No. 2 at 9.00@9.50, and No. 3 at $4.50@5.50 per barrel according to quality and condition.

FRUIT.—The market is poorly supplied with most descriptions of Foreign Fruit.

GUANO.—Sells readily at $42@45, and prime at $50@55 per ton.

HEMP.—The market continues quiet, and no large operations have transpired this week.

HIDES.—No arrivals or sales this week.

IRON.—The receipts continue light, and the stocks are nearly exhausted. The demand is still active, and prices are well supported.

LATHS.—Eastern are steady at $1.56@1.62½ per M.

LEAD.—Sales of 2500 pigs Western at $4@4.06½ cash.

LUMBER.—Prices are steady, with a good demand. The shipments from the Lehigh region this season have been as follows:

Week ending 28th August,	550,770 feet
Previously this season,	16,560,602 "
Total,	17,140,432

MOLASSES.—The market remains quiet, and only about 200 hhds Cuba have been disposed of at 23c@24c, 4 mos. The imports for August were as follows:

	Hhds	Tcs	Hhds
Foreign,	172	31	30
New Orleans,	177	10	2005
Elsewhere,	121	10	312
Total,	1361	57	2364

NAVAL STORES.—Rosin is steady in price with sales of 800@1000 bbls at 65c for common to $2.25 for No 1 per bbl. In Tar no change. Pitch sells as wanted at $1@1.12½ per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine has advanced sales at 44@45c, and is now held at 46c.

OILS.—Linseed is steady at 62@63c, with small sales. Sperm is in good demand and prices firm at $1.12½@1.20 and $1.25 for Winter. Spring and Fall Strained. White is a shade higher—sales to some extent at 75@76 cents.

PLASTER.—Is scarce. We quote at $2.50@2.62½ per ton as to quality.

RICE.—Good quality is scarce, and will readily command 6c.

SALT.—About 8000 bushels Turk's Island sold at 24c cash, case.

SPIRITS.—French Brandy sells in lots as wanted at $1.75@1.80 for Bordeaux, $1.80@1.90 for Rochelle and $2.50 for Cognac. Gin is steady at $1.37½@1.38 with small sales. N. E. Rum is worth 30@37c. Whiskey has been steady at 28c in hhds and bbls.

SUGARS.—There has not been much animation in the market this week, and we only hear of the sales of 80 hhds Porto Rico at 6¾c; 100 do New Orleans at 6¾c and 7½; and 800 box Brown Havana at 6 @7½ cts. all 4 mos. The imports during the past month were as follows:

	Hhds.	Tcs.	Bbls.	Bags.	Boxes.
Foreign,	1067	17	700	1900	1451
New Orleans,	2729	150	440		
Elsewhere,	250	100		5000	240
	4046	267	1140	6900	1691

TALLOW.—Small sales reported.

TEAS.—A fair business is going forward for the supply of the trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO.—Only a moderate business has been during this week, the demand being mostly confined to the finer qualities, which are comparatively scarce. Sales of 150 hhds Kentucky at 5@7c as in quality.

WOOL.—The demand for Domestic has slightly abated, though a fair amount of business been transacted at full prices.

COAL FREIGHTS.—We continue to quote at $2.12½ to Boston and Salem, $2.25 to Portsmouth, $1.75 to Providence and the same to Troy and Albany, $1.50 to New London, and $1.37½ to N. York.—*Ledger.*

SALES OF STOCKS

600 shares Girard Bank,	12½
300 do Reading Railroad,	39
100 do Norristown Railroad,	57
50 do Northern Liberty rail,	17
25 do Girard Trust,	11
50 do Farmers' Bank,	85
50 do Mech' & Manu Bank, Phila	91
50 do Bank, Phila	91
12 do Pennsylvania Bank,	102
10 do Western Bank,	81
$450 U. S. 6's, 1867,	103
$1000 Penn 6's,	86
$200 Penn 6's,	86
$1000 U. S. 6's, 1867,	103

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—During the week there have been about 800 head of Beef Cattle sold, at prices somewhat lower than those of the previous week, at these yards, viz: 300 head at Bull's, 200 at Shaffer's, and 300 at Parr's. The Cows—Prices as follows:—From $12@18 for Dry, and from $20 to 35 for Fresh. Hogs—Sales of 2000 head, ranging from $6.50@7.50 for Sheep and Lambs. The former selling at from $4@5.1 and the latter from $1 to $4.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 6.—Beef Cattle—Out of 800 head offered at the scales on Monday, 450 head were sold at $5@6 per cwt on the hoof, equal to $1.40@1.68 gross, and 350 head remained unsold. Hogs—1,000 head were driven to Philadelphia, and the residue, 28 head, left over unsold. Sales to a moderate extent have been made at $6.50@7 per cwt, corresponding to $1.82@1.96 per bushel.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 2.—For Cattle from the scales gross weight 822,21 nett 548; according to quality $4.50@5.50.—*Mercantile Journal.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 4.

ASHES.—Sales of 150 barrels Pots, good taken, were made at $5.75@5.81. Pearls sold at $6.62½@6.75 and were held at $6.75.

BEESWAX.—Sales of 3000 lbs Northern yellow were made at 24@25c.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Sales of 800 barrels Genesee, fresh ground, found sold Wheat, sold at $5.62½. 4,000 do. State Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, at $5.56@5.62½, and about 1,000 bbls in separate lots of Ontario and the Hope Del. and Raritan Canal, at $5.50. 800 round hoop Ohio at the same rate. Sales of 1,000 bbls Brandywine at $5.56 per bbl. Meal—Sales of 500 bbls Jersey sold at $5.37½. Wheat—No sales were reported.

GRAIN.—The sales were small, and the market dull. The receipts were moderate, 6000 bushels reported sold including Western mixed at 85c, and that and round yellow at 86c. The same kinds of mixed, inferior to rounded yellow, at 84c. Rye—Sales of 1,000 bushels Northern at 60c. Barley—Sales of 2,000 bushels Canada at 70c, and some transported. Rye—We have only to notice a small sale 500 bushels sold at 58c. Rye Flour—Sales at 1,000 barrels at $3.50@3.75. Corn Meal—Sales of 500 barrels were offered at $3.12½ without a buyer. Oats—A cargo was reported sold at 31c. Barley—The last sale of old was made at 70c.

PROVISIONS.—There was nothing doing in Pork beyond small sales to the retail trade in lots of 10 or 50 bbls at $15.50@16 for Mess, and $13@13.50 for Prime, as to quality, at $12 and the latter at $13. In large lots it was worth less by 12½@25. There was nothing to-day reported transpired in Beef. Lard—Sales of 100 bbls first quality, were made at 10½c, and 20 half bbls at 11 cts, and 500 kegs prime but Lard at 11c. Cheese—The receipts were heavy, and good dairies were worth 7@8 cts for choice. Butter was rather inactive, while prices remained about the same.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—There is no change in the Tobacco market of any importance. The receipts of Ohio have not been of so good a quality as heretofore, and that received this week has been sold at 4 @5½ and 7@8, and 800 box Brown Havana at 6@12 cts. all 4 mos. The imports during the past month were as follows:

	Hhds.	Tcs.	Bbls.	Bags.	Boxes.
Foreign,	1067	17	700	1900	1451
New Orleans,	2729	150	440		
Elsewhere,	250	100		5000	240
	4046	267	1140	6900	1691

TALLOW.—Small sales reported.

TEAS.—A fair business is going forward for the supply of the trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO.—Only a moderate business has been during this week, the demand being mostly confined to the finer qualities, which are comparatively scarce. Sales of 150 hhds Kentucky at 5@7c as in quality.

WOOL.—The demand for Domestic has slightly abated, though a fair amount of business been transacted at full prices.

COAL

Selected Poetry.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall!
But a good God reigns over all!"

There passed a lady by the way,
Mourning in the face of day;
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-even,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to Heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear

For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spoke of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride enwed
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the live-long day,
Chanted to itself in play;
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all!"

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, tho' unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Opened it over to his heart

And though the child—if child it were
And not a seraph setting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know,
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them and console them, too;
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all!"

Selected Sketch.

THE DIAMOND TAGS.

The Literary World, in a notice of Miss Pardoe's new work, "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," quotes the following account of the simple facts of the affair of the diamond tags, out of which Dumas has made so pleasant a story in the "Three Guardsman." The World says: "There is, perhaps, no single episode in the history of that remarkable reign so strikingly characteristic of the spirit of the age and the extent to which intrigue was carried. It is, phrenologically speaking, the very romance of 'secretiveness.'"

* * * * * The Queen then wrote a letter to Buckingham, in which she besought him immediately to leave France. This done, she gave into the charge of her attendant not only the letter, but also a casket containing the aiguillette with its diamond pendants, which had been presented to her by the King, and in which she appeared at the ball of Madame Chevreuse. The first she knew would inflict a pang, and the second was intended to heal the wound, by serving as a memorial of their friendship.

It may for a moment create surprise that the Queen should venture to dispossess herself of so recently acquired and so remarkable an ornament; but be it remembered, that her resources were scanty, that she had already done honor to the present of the King by appearing with it on her person in public, and that while as a sovereign she could not offer to the magnificent Duke a remembrance without some intrinsic value, she was also enabled by sacrificing the jewel in question to gratify her softer feelings, by the conviction that, as this was a decoration worn indifferently by both sexes, Buckingham would be reminded of her whenever it formed a portion of his dress.

On the morrow, Anne of Austria took leave of the English envoy in the presence of all the court, and his bearing was that of a finished gentleman and a respectful courtier. No eye could detect a glance, no ear could gather up a sentence, which was not in accordance with the most scrupulous etiquette. Buckingham carried away with him a pledge of royal regard which almost consoled him for his departure. Meanwhile, Madame de Lannoy, the zealous spy of the cardinal, had detected the disappearance of the diamond aiguillette from the Queen's casket, and, with the ready perception of guilt she suggested to Richelieu that it had in all probability been sent to Buckingham as a parting present. The cardinal lost not an instant in writing to one of the ladies of Charles's court who was in his interest—for, like a spider, he attached his web on every side—offering to present her with 20,000 livres if she could succeed in cutting away a couple of the tags of the shoulder knot, the first time that Buckingham appeared in it, and forwarding them forthwith by a safe messenger to himself.

A fortnight afterwards, the tags were in the possession of Richelieu. The Duke had worn the aiguillette at a state ball, and the curiosity of the cardinal had cut away a couple of its pendants unobserved. The vindictive minister gloated over his prize! Now, as he believed, his revenge was certain.

The first care of Richelieu was to carry the diamonds to the King, and to acquaint him with the method by which they had been procured. Louis examined them closely. There could be no doubt that they had indeed formed a portion of the ornament which had been his last present to his wife. So pale brow flushed with indignant rage, and, before the cardinal left the royal closet, every precaution was taken to insure the speedy exposure of the Queen.

On the following morning, Louis himself announced to Anne, of Austria, that a ball, given by the civil magistrates of Paris, at the town hall, would take place the day but one following; and he coupled that information with the request that in order to compliment both himself and the magistrates, she would appear in the aiguillette which he had lately presented to her. She replied simply and calmly that he should be obeyed.

The eight-and-forty hours which were still to intervene before his vengeance could be accomplished, appeared an many centuries to the cardinal duke. Anne of Austria was now fairly in the toils, and still her composure remained unruffled. How was this apparent tranquility to be explained? Richelieu had already experienced that, aided by Buckingham and Madame de Chevreuse, she had possessed the power to baffle even his ingenuity; but she now stood alone, and ever had she ventured upon so dangerous a step as that of parting the aiguillette, he well knew that on the present occasion she possessed neither the time nor the means.

The hour of the festival at length struck; and it had been arranged that the King should first make his entrance into the ball-room, accompanied by his minister, and that the Queen should follow, attended by her own court. Richelieu was enabled to calculate upon commencing his triumph from the very moment of her appearance on the threshold.

Precisely an hour before midnight the Queen was announced, and every eye at once turned eagerly towards her. She was magnificent, alike in loveliness and opulence. She wore a Spanish costume, consisting of dress and green satin embroidered with gold and silver, having hanging sleeves, which where looped back with large rubies, serving as buttons. Her ruff was open, and displayed her bosom, which was extremely beautiful, and upon her head she had a small cap of green velvet, surmounted by a heron feather; while from her shoulder depended gracefully the aiguillette, with its twelve diamond tags.

As she entered the King approached her—avowedly to offer his compliments upon her appearance, but actually to count the tags. His arithmetic amounted to a dozen. The cardinal stood a pace behind him, quivering with rage. The twelve tags were hanging from the shoulder of the Queen, and, nevertheless, he grasped two of them in his hand at the same moment. Aye, in his hand; for he had resolved not to lose an instant in triumphing over the proud and insolent beauty who had laughed his passion to scorn, and made him a result for the ridicule of his associates. The vow that he uttered in his heart, as he gazed upon her calm and defying brow that night, probably cost Buckingham his life; for Richelieu was not duped by the belief that the shoulder knot of the duke, from whence his own two tags had been severed, was not identical with that now floating over the arm of Anne of Austria.

The plot had, nevertheless, failed, and once more the cardinal was beaten upon his own ground.

It is, however, time that we should disclose the secret of this apparently mysterious incident to our readers.

On his return from the state ball, at which he had appeared with the aiguillette of Anne of Austria, Buckingham, who would confide to no one the care of his precious ornament, was about to restore it to his casket, when he perceived the substraction which had taken place, and for a moment abandoned himself to a fit of anger, believing that he had been made the victim of a common theft,—an instant's reflection, however, convinced him that such was not likely to be the case, as he had upon his person jewels of greater value, which it would have been equally easy to purloin, and these all remained intact. A light broke upon him; he suspected the agency of his old enemy and rival, the cardinal duke; and his immediate measure was to place an embargo upon the English ports, and to prohibit all masters of vessels from putting to sea, under pain of death. During the operation of this edict, which created universal astonishment throughout the country, the jeweller of Buckingham was employed day and night in completing the number of the diamond tags; and it was still in full force, when a light fishing smack, which had been exempted from the general disability, was scudding across the channel to Calais, under the command of one of the duke's confidential servants, and having on board, for all its freight, the aiguillette of Anne of Austria.

In the course of the ensuing day, the ports were opened, and the thousand and one rumors which had been propagated by the people died gradually away, as no explanation of the incomprehensible and rigorous measure ever transpired. The result was the receipt of her shoulder-knot by the Queen the very day before the ball of the magistrates.

The apparent tranquility of Anne, of Austria, which had been for the first few hours the apathetic calmness of despair, ultimately grew out of the certainty of security; and the ready wit and chivalric devotion of Buckingham, which had so frequently threatened her destruction, for once supplied her ægis.

Our Scrap Book.

ANECDOTES OF THE POPE.

The Holy Father, who has not at his command all the treasuries of Christendom to fill, as he desires, the hands of the supplicants who come to him, at least knows how to bestow his alms in the right place. One day one of those characters, whom the artist at Rome call *Ramanacker*, presented himself to Pius IX. declaring that he was overwhelmed with misfortunes, his wife was dying and his children without bread. The Pope looked at him and replied, that honest misery would not wear so red a nose or so shining a face, and that some trick was perhaps lurking under it. But to the doubts of his Holiness, the fellow replied that his grandfather was paralytic and that the grandfather of his wife was stone-blind. With all his family ill upon his hands, his case was truly pitiful. A hundred pastres, he said, would be enough to help him out of the difficulty. The Pope borrowed the money of his treasurer, and gave it to him.

But a doubt took possession of the donor. "Have I bestowed my charity to good purpose?" He wished to know what to think of it. He put on the outer dress of a simple priest and presently walked beyond the suburb of the Transteverins whither the Romanoche had been watched. He stopped before a certain house, from which issued shouts and the joyous ringing of glasses. He entered, and recognized his man in good company, leaning with his elbows on the table in all the glory of intoxication. "To the health of the good Pope, who treats us to such capital wine!" cried the Amphitryon in a return of communicative. "If is he who will teach you but to act, he who ought not to be prison for having stolen the goods of the poor," said Pius IX., to the terrified and cast-down boon companions. "Let this serve as a lesson, and let my indulgence for the present help you to deserve full forgiveness."

The Romans of the present day, like the Romans of other times, are the greatest lovers of art in the world, and especially of the art Terpsichoreap. The dancing of Fanny Elssler had electrified them so much, that their enthusiasm had produced a subscription of twelve thousand francs, which sum they had converted into a crown of gold; this they intended to offer to the object of their idolatry. Nevertheless, they recollected that there was a man at the Quirinal whom they preferred to Fanny Elssler; they went to him and said—

"Holy Father, we desire to give to Fanny Elssler this crown of gold, if it will not be displeasing to your Holiness."

"Give the crown of gold, if that amuses you," replied the good Pius IX., smiling, "only I suggest that your present is not logical."

"Why not, Holy Father?"

"Why, I have supposed hitherto that crowns were made for the head, not for the legs."

The Romans gave their crown of gold to Fanny Elssler, but the same day they sent to Pius IX. a thousand crowns for his poor.

Not long since, Pius IX. proposed a new reform to his Council. Twenty Cardinals, who were most hostile to the constant disposition of the Holy Father, were present. Twenty black balls were found in the urn which contained the votes. Pius IX. was not disconcerted; taking the white scull-cap from his head and laying it upon the urn, he said: "Now, gentlemen, the black balls are all white." The measure passed the next day. The evening of that day, M. Rossi, the French Ambassador, paid him a visit. The Holy Father, visibly moved from the impression produced by the scene of the morning, described it to his visiter, adding: "The opposition I meet with daily, will not check me. I shall gain the end I propose for my government, for I possess the love of my people. And even if the love of that good people should one day fail me, I shall not be discouraged, for still there will remain to me the support of God."

A YANKEE GAME COCK.

The Spanish barque Gallo de Pelon, on her first voyage from this port to Havana, was boarded by a Yankee sloop. Where he came from no one on board could imagine, unless he had escaped from some vessel, and lost himself in the "wide expanse of waters." He seemed to be completely fagged out with his long journey, and could scarcely retain his hold on the rigging. He was taken down, fed and petted, and soon became very tame, and a great favorite with the sailors. Havana, as every body knows, is a great place for cock-fighting, and our sailors were not long in finding their way to a pit. On their return to the barque, one of them, a long-legged Yankee, who had been shipped to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of one of the crew, proposed that they should go into a little speculation with their eagle. This was agreed to, and the bird of Jove was accordingly furnished with a beautiful red flannel comb and gills, a neat coat of paint, a pair of gaffs, and he was metamorphosed into a very respectable looking fighting cock. The intelligence that a Yankee game-cock was to be seen on board the Gallo de Pelon was soon spread throughout the city, and crowds came down to see him. He was kept in the forecastle, and a few at a time admitted at a small charge.

But this was not enough—they wanted to see him fight—but gills, were knife enough to risk a favorite cock against such a formidable looking customer. A match was finally made up by giving large odds, and the pit was crowded almost to suffocation. Everything having been prepared, the cocks were scientifically put into the ring, but alas! for those who had taken so much trouble, the fight was of the shortest kind. The eagle not having been fed for a couple of days, was of course hungry, and not knowing the use of his spurs, nor understanding in the least what was expected of him, reckoned all fancy tricks, dashed in right fashion upon his adversary, struck him with his beak, seized a leg in each of his talons, tore him completely open, and commenced eating him with extreme gusto! The astonishment of the Spaniards may possibly be imagined, but cannot be described —there was some most horrible swearing in Spanish, with a slight sprinkling of broken English, and all Yankee game-cocks were unanimously consigned to a place of the warmest description, the name of which it is not necessary here to mention.

SOMNOLENCE AT HOME.—It was lately proposed in a small town in Franklin county, to build a new meeting-house, and a man living three or four miles from the centre was called upon for a subscription. "I shan't give a cent, I tell you," said he, "you want to build a populous house, and then you'll want a populous minister, and perhaps you'll go to Amherst and get a sturgeon, and then we folks that live in the outskirts will have to pay his scullery. I shan't do it."—*Barre Gazette.*

Our Picture Gallery.

WILD BULL HUNTING.

The Spanish bull-fight has often been described, but that species of bull-fight which, while it affords pastime to the people, subdues the noble animal to be a partaker of the labors of the husbandman is, we believe, little or not at all known in this country. The Spanish Peninsula abounds with extensive forest lands, which, though reaching over a wide extent of country, is sufficiently open to afford pasture and food to herds of wild cattle who roam almost unmolested amongst their shades. The great forest of the Alentejo is an apt illustration. In this some hundreds of square miles of country are occupied by growing timber; but within its bounds large open spaces exist which serve for pasturages, and occasionally a farm, a vineyard, or an olive grove may be seen struggling, as it were, for existence amidst the vast solitudes. But though occasional glimpses of culture appear, they are far too few and far between to offer any serious check to the increase and independence of the herds which roam around them undisturbed. It was in this forest that I witnessed for the first time the method of capturing the wild bulls. I had received intimation that the village of Alcoxete, on the Tagus, was to be the scene of a bull-fight, and that the villagers for many miles round were invited to join in the festival. We had to take place on the following day; I accordingly crossed the river in company of about twenty persons, mostly military, each being provided with a long pole, having a small spike fixed in one end, and mounted as inclination or ability suited. When we arrived on the opposite bank, a little before day-break, we found about 250 or 300 persons assembled, some mounted on different sorts of quadrupeds, from the most noble Andalusian horse to the humble hack donkey, and very many on foot. They were all armed in a similar manner to ourselves. As soon as daylight began to appear we all marched off towards the forest. The morning was peculiarly fine, and the interest of the beautiful scenery was heightened by the varied costumes of the persons by whom we were surrounded. As soon as we had advanced some distance into the wood we halted for the purpose of refreshment, before the arduous and somewhat perilous duties of the day began. After a hasty meal we divided into two parties, one stretching in a long line to the right and the other to the left. We had not advanced far in this manner before we fell in with a herd of cattle having twelve bulls with it, which no sooner descried us than they bounded off with the speed of lightning. The sport had now begun; we put our horses to the utmost speed, threading our way amongst the tall pine-trees as well as we could, and endeavoring by wild cries to drive the bulls towards the other party. At length, after about an hour's chase, some half-dozen of us who were better mounted than the rest came up with them, and commenced the attack with our long poles. The manner was this: one person riding at full speed gave the bull nearest him a sharp prick with the goad, which it no sooner felt than it turned upon its assailant and gave chase; another horseman then coming up attacked it on the other side, when, leaving the first assailant, it turned upon the second; he in like manner was rescued by a third, and so on. The attention of the infuriated animal thus distracted prevented his escape, and gave time for the other hunters to come up. The bulls were thus at length separated from the herd. A sufficient number having arrived to form a circle round them, we commenced operations for the purpose of driving them towards the town: all the skill of the riders was now necessary, and all the activity possessed by both man and horse, to keep clear from the pointed horns which on every side were directed against him, as well as to prevent the herd from breaking through the living net with which it was surrounded. This was perhaps the most difficult part, and was attained by keeping each bull separately engaged, and thus preventing united action; for what time was sufficient, armed as we were, to resist the simultaneous rush of these most powerful animals. The continued activity and exertion requisite had knocked up many of the poor jades who had started in the morning, and the circle became smaller and smaller as the day advanced; we, too, had been carried off severely gored and wounded by the horns and feet of the bulls. I, however, and the party with whom I started, were resolved to see the conclusion, and redoubling our efforts we at length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, succeeded in driving them into an enclosure where were a number of oxen (all at one time wild) with bells, quietly grazing. Here they were kept till required for the next day's sport.

Fun and Frolic.

A LEGAL TRIAL.—At a trial held at an English shire-town, during the last summer, the counsel for the defendant found it would be necessary to excite the sympathies of the jury rather more than usual. Assuming a most doleful air, he took a little child of the client's in his arms, who immediately began to cry. The lawyer went on with his plea, using all the melancholy expressions he could think of, and pausing every few moments to wipe his eyes. The poor child shrieked louder and louder—the jury began to wriggle in their seats, and feel particularly uncomfortable—the plaintiff turned very pale, and the lookers on considered the matter decided. Just as the excitement had almost reached its highest, and needed but one more groan from the lawyer, and one more shriek from the child, to render the defendant victorious, the opposing lawyer rose in his seat, and calling the child by name, asked him what he was crying for. "Cos Mr. ——— keeps pinching me," said the urchin. Mr. ——— dropped the youngster, and the case also, forthwith.

SWAPPING HORSES.—An Indianian was travelling down the Ohio River in a steamer, with a mare and a two year old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he arose puffing and blowing above the water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee-line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging last.

"Let go the colt and hang on the mare," shouted his friends.

"Phree, bosh!" exclaimed the man, spouting the water from his mouth and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's all very well, you telling me to let go the colt, but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses!"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The Boston Odd-Fellow tells a story of a young clergyman, of very superfluent education, who went out one Sunday to preach for a neighboring minister—Mr. H———, settled not far from Boston—and astonished his congregation very much by the following passage

"If we sin against light, my friends, we cannot escape the awful consequences; for we all have a *vulturious monitor* within, which will terrify us in all our guilt, and bind us forever to the tribunal of retributive justice."

He had *borrowed* a sermon, and not being familiar with the chirography, he mistook *vigilant monitor* for *vulturious monitor*.

AN IRISH WAY OF PUTTING A HORSE INTO A WAGON.—A few days since, a gentleman in Worcester county, who employs several Irishmen in cultivating his grounds, ordered one of his men to put his horse into the wagon. After a short absence, Pat returned, exclaiming, "I've got him to sit, but it was a mighty hard job though!" This answer somewhat puzzled the gentleman, who upon going into the yard found his horse actually standing up in the wagon, trembling with fear at his elevated and unsafe position. After getting the horse down upon terra firma, the gentleman instructed Pat as to the proper manner of "putting a horse into a wagon."—*Boston Journal.*

PURITY EXEMPLIFIED.—My brethren and friends, said a preacher out West, it is necessary to make a great demonstration. We live in an age remarkable for mighty inventions, not the least of which is the patent pill which my eldest brother has given to the world. It is the most astounding, wonderful invention that has ever-gifted genius has conferred upon mankind—it is the greatest benefit of the species. From motives of pure philanthropy I have put a few in my pocket, which you can have at the close of the services, at a dime a box.

THE SCHOOL OF MANNERS.—As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate who that fellow was who didn't show his peak to the admiral? "Why, it's the King." "Well, king or no king," retorts the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack, "he never was out of sight of land in his life."

A CHARACTERISTIC JUROR.—"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at Taunton, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the other one?" "Please you, my lord," said one of the jury, "he is gone away, about some business, but *he has left his verdict with me.*"

NEW FACT IN HISTORY.—An Ohio editor says that he knew Shakspeare when he lived in Penn sylvania, and that his name was not Shakspeare, but William Spears—that he afterwards moved into the State of Michigan, caught the fever and ague, and was ever afterwards nick-named Shake Spears.

PHRENOLOGY.—A lady, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with the view of puzzling him, "What kind of people are those who have Destructiveness and Benevolence equally and largely developed?" "Those, madam, are the persons who kill with kindness."

A QUICK ANSWER.—A young gentle was one day arranging music for a young lady, to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do—but the quicker the better."

A TANNER-HEARTED JUROR.—It is said of a celebrated hanging Irish Judge, Lord Norbury, that he was never known to shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the *Beggar's Opera*, when Macheath got a reprieve.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

ZARIFA.

Suggested by a Spanish Story.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I cannot keep the tears back!
The tears, that should not flow
For one, who wantonly could grieve
A heart that loved him so!

I cannot keep the tears back
The bitter, bitter tears
For the sweet minutes of the past,
The fond, fond love of years!

For many days I doubted,
Would God it still were so!
Would God there were a *gleam of doubt*
O'er all that *now I know*

For many days I doubted
But when he scoffed my grief,
With fond assurances of truth
Could I deny belief?

It is not that another loves
His love I ne'er lists me not—
Though well I know she is lovelier far,
Than ever I could be!

And well I know the little grace
That won his passion brief
Is worn from my frail form and face
By sickness and by grief

No thought like this could make them flow
These bitter, bitter tears
O'er the dear memories of the past
The fond, fond years of years

Not this—though it has blighted
The sure anticipation I knew
That if a *world beside* were false
His generous heart was true

It is the unexplained distrust
The studied, strange neglect
Ah! only for a short, brief, hour,
My *pride* these tears had checked

But with his love, his *friendship* fled,
And that I scarce can bear
For I would be a friend to him
Through every fate and fear

And oh! I yearn to see his face,
And hear his gentle tone
And be a fond—sweet comfort not less
And I must weep alone

I would not blame him by a *look*
For it I ever had met
A more devoted heart than his
I often might forget

But I cannot keep the tears back
The bitter, bitter tears
O'er all the memories of the past
The fond, fond love of years.

I cannot keep the tears back
And yet they should not flow
For one, who wantonly could wound
A heart that loved him so!

Science and Art.

A NEW PROCESS.

A process has been invented by a Mr. Lucas, for converting edgetools, nails, &c., made of cast-iron, into good steel. It consists in stratifying the cast articles in cylindrical metallic vessels with native oxide of iron, and then submitting the whole to a regular heat, in a furnace built for the purpose. The oxide employed does not be native; any artificial oxide being equally effectual. The cast-iron of which this cutlery is made, is in the first instance brittle, like other cast iron, on account of the carbon contained in it; but the great change it undergoes, aided by the pulverized oxide, separates a portion of the carbon. This, uniting with the oxygen of the ground oxide of iron, is dissipated, either in the state of carbonic oxide, or carbonic acid gas; and the articles are converted into a state quite similar to that of good cast steel cutlery. They do not, however, receive so fine an edge, and do not bear hardening and tempering, in the ordinary manner.

NEW PARASOL SPRING.

A Mr. Sangster, of Regent street, London, has applied prepared India Rubber for superseding springs of metal for the expansion of parasols, and for compressing the ribs of them, and of similar articles. The India Rubber is prepared by a chemical process into the shape of a small pipe or hose. By this means the elastic power and the tenacity of the gum are increased to a perfectly marvellous degree. A small ring of the material so prepared, less in width than the eighth of an inch, is cut from the pipe and placed around the tops of the ribs. When the ribs are expanded, the elastic power of the ring enables it to be stretched so as to suit the exigency, while its leverage and power of contraction are so great that directly the power is removed by which the expansion is secured, it forces the ribs together, and keeps them firmly compressed. As an application of science to practical advantage, it is very curious and convenient.

GREAT SAVING IN FUEL FOR MACHINERY.

A patent has been taken out by Mr. Eddy, of Auburn, for a simple and cheap, and for that very reason, a useful invention, effecting a large saving in the fuel used for steamboat boilers, and other manufacturing purposes. The air for draft is admitted almost directly upon the centre of the wood or coal, instead of through the large open space in front of the fire-place. The grates are removed, and in these stems also, those who are familiar with the subject, will see that an important saving is made. The air is admitted by a hole on each side of the fire and by one in front. Mr. Eddy thinks that the same amount of steam can by this plan be generated by the use of one-third, or even one half less fuel than under the old method.

Humorous Sketches.

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.

There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains"—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling houses, and it is said of him, that he is not over scrupulous in his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible*. His object in always to lease his houses for a term of years, to the *best* tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A dimunitive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that the tenant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The windows sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house, until now uninspired. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attic were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath room upon the cellar floor —but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I has bin vat you sall call 'suck in,' vis an dam nuisonse," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterwards—but *whispered*—he sal see vot we sal see."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord.

"A-ha!—*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" said he in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! Monsieur—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent. *Eh bien, Monsieur.* I have but *ze* one regret."

"Ah! What is that?"

"Monsieur, I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I have find by vot you sal call *ze lease*, zat you hav give me *ze* house but for tree year, and I vet much sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish—"

"Ah, Monsieur, I sal be vet much glad, if I can hav zat house *so long as I please*—eh, Monsieur."

"Oh certainly, certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien, Monsieur!* I sal talk vis to your officer—ah you sal give me vat you sal call the lease for zat reason, *jes so long as I sal vant se house.* Eh Monsieur."

"Certainly, sir. You can stay there your lifetime if you like."

"Ah, Monsieur—I have *ver* much taste for ze accomodation."

The old leases were destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "*such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly, etc., etc.*

The next morning, our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and, an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a "legal tender," for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows—

"*Monsieur*—I hav bin shmoke—I have bin drowned—I have been free to death, in ze house vat I ax hire of you, for ze period as I may desire. I have stay in ze dam house, *'jes so long as I please,'* and ze bearer of zis will give you ze key! *Bon jour, Monsieur.*"

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up "a bird in hand for two in the bush."—*Boston Times.*

TOM CORWIN—PRACTICAL LEGISLATION.

Judge H———, an old and respectable citizen of Franklin county, related to us some years since, the following anecdote of Gov. Corwin, which we do not recollect ever to have seen in print:

At the time the "Wagon Boy" was first sent to the Legislature, by the good people of Warren, he found a law on the statute book providing for the punishment of certain offences by public whipping. It was no unusual thing at that day, to see a whipping post in every Court House yard, where, whenever occasion required, the stealers of pigs and chickens were drawn up by the sheriff, and received "thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on." Tom was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the House, and being, as it is well known, a man who is dead set against all such relics of barbarism as public whipping, forthwith brought in a bill to repeal the said statute.

That bill met with considerable opposition from the "Old Hunkers," among whom was one old gentleman from the Western Reserve, who was peculiarly horrified at the idea of repealing what he termed the wisest and most practical enactment in our whole criminal code.

Corwin made an eloquent speech when the question of engrossment was before the House, appealing to the members as Christian legislators and enlightened freemen of the nineteenth century to come up and erase this relic of the dark ages from the statute book of the great republican State of Ohio. He took his seat—the House completely electrified with the eloquent powers of the young orator. The old Yankee arose and replied as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker:—All the gentleman from Warren has said is well enough in its way. I am glad to see the young men of our State growing up inspired with those feelings of philanthropy which the gentleman has so eloquently given utterance to. But that is not the thing. We must look at the matter in a practical light. Now, I can give one illustration in favor of my side of the question that will entirely upset all the gentleman's fine-spun theories. You know, Mr. Speaker, I was born and raised in the State of Connecticut. A law similar to this has been for some years in force in that State, where its effects are most salutary. You once expose a rascal to the ignominious disgrace of a public whipping, and he clears out—leaves the State, and you are never troubled with him afterwards. Out of hundreds I have known to be whipped there, I never knew one of them to show his face in that community afterwards."

The old gentleman sat down, satisfied that his "practical illustration" was a clincher, and would kill the bill. Corwin arose very gravely and remarked:—

"I have often endeavored, Mr. Speaker, to solve the question, why there was such an immense emigration from Connecticut to the West, but always until now, without success. *The gentleman has explained it to my entire satisfaction.*"

Corwin's bill passed!—*Cin. Chronicle.*

Agricultural.

CHEMICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

FROM THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

There are those who suppose the salvation of agriculture to depend upon the results of chemical investigation, and that no progress whatever worth mentioning is to be looked for which does not come from this source.

We are not disposed to undervalue the importance of agricultural chemistry, and would not damp the ardor of those who are prosecuting investigations in it; but we must say that we attach less importance to the discoveries yet made, or supposed to be made, than many others do. It is obvious that so far experiments has done ten times, if not ten hundred times, as much for agriculture as analysis has done.

It has been the favorite dogma with the chemical school, that to know how to construct, we must analyze: that we have but to examine carefully and critically the composition of a soil best adapted to grow wheat, or corn, or potatoes, or any other crop, and then make precisely such a soil—or, to ascertain precisely the composition of wheat, oats, or potatoes, and then put the constituent elements of these crops into the soil; and by the great laboratory of nature, the earth, the materials would be worked up into the crop desired.

Now that this shall be set up as a desideratum in agriculture, towards which efforts shall tend, we have no objections; but that the result is to be reached by any short process, is not to be believed, without better testimony than is yet furnished.

There are many difficulties in the way of reaching the desired end. It is not proposed to consider them all; but let us look at two or three. In the first place perfect analysis is a very difficult matter indeed. In analysing a soil, for instance, who would expect to ascertain the precise amount of that constituent upon which its extraordinary fertility might depend? Suppose a field, hitherto almost barren, to be sown with gypsum—*plaster of Paris.* It immediately becomes immensely fertile. This is a common fact. But who, by analysis, would expect to ascertain upon what its fertility depended? Taking a square foot of the soil, in any part of the field, the gypsum would perhaps bear the ratio, to the rest, of one to a million—a fraction which would take a nice analysis indeed to detect.

But the fertility of fields not only depends on the amount of particular constituents of their soils, but the relation of parts to each other; and how are we certain that a chemist will be able to detect, or decide upon, the best relation?

Again, suppose a perfect analysis can be made, and a soil is found to consist of so much of this, and so much of that, exactly. It is a fact of which chemists are aware, that substances very different in character are found to consist precisely the same chemical elements, in precisely the same proportions, the difference in the substances being supposed to depend on the different collocation of the particles. How is the chemist certain, with this fact before him, that his blending of principles which is intended to produce one substance, may not, by this collocation, over which he has no control, produce one entirely different?

The results hitherto reached by our chemical discoverers are such as might be anticipated from a consideration of these and other obstacles. Liebig stands confessedly and deservedly at the head of the chemical school; and he, almost any thing it we could, to cast a shadow upon his fame. But what has been hitherto the definite, practical amount of his labors, to agriculture? He has undoubtedly corrected a great many opinions, and substituted better for worse theories, upon many branches of chemical science; the result of which will be a great benefit to society. But in relation to nearly all of those great truths which lie at the base of agricultural science, he must be regarded—we suppose he regards himself—as yet, a mere learner.

Let us instance one or two facts on this head. A few years since it was believed that the gypsum of vegetables depended, in a great degree, upon its supply afforded them of azote or nitrogen, in the combination with hydrogen, known as ammonia. It was the teaching of all his disciples, that ammonia was the grand desideratum in manures; and the means of arresting, retaining, and applying the substance were, for a time, the agricultural rage. Guano was, beyond rivalship, rich in ammonia, and of course was the best of all manures; and there were not ships enough to bring it over from the islands where it was deposited.

But guano proved in a measure, a failure; and so does the doctrine with which it so transcendantly dissipable. Liebig has been discovered that there is no lack of ammonia in the world—at least that the world is full of it—that it is present in the atmosphere every where; and that almost all substances contain it; and that vegetation, instead of needing to be stuffed with it, can generally obtain enough without difficulty.

Liebig has also within a few years stumbled sadly over the analytical and synthetic dogmas. He prepared specific manures—one for wheat, one for oats, one for turnips, &c. These manures were tried according to directions, but so far are an entire failure, as they undoubtedly will be for some time to come. Still perseverance in this direction may yet avoid some thing, if analysis is aided sufficiently by experiment.

We would not be understood, however, to decry all analysis of soils, or indeed any analysis; but we would warn those who expect too much from them.

Those analyses which show the mechanical construction of soils—as for instance how much sand, how much clay, iron and organic matter, they contain—are yet of much value to the farmer, and will be so till chemical ones are more certain than at present, and perhaps longer.

EXTENSION OF THE "NEW HUSBANDRY."

We are pleased to see that the "Albany Cultivator," an able and widely extended paper, has at length recommended to its readers that portion of "The New Husbandry" which relates to the seeding down of low lands on the green sward, in August and September.

That paper has recently given minute directions, in its own language, and adopted fully our system of seeding at this season of the year. New York may yet be as much benefited by this improvement as New England has been, and a great portion of the United States will, by and by, learn the value of this innovation upon ancient usages.

The "Baltimore Farmer" also is gradually coming into this plan of husbandry; and though some who are not well informed on this subject have said it was an ancient practice to treat lands in this way, the publishers of the papers above named will find, on a recurrence to their old numbers, that no recommendations of the kind can be found.

We are pleased to see also a change in the Albany Cultivator in regard to cutting herds grass after it has gone to seed in the field. Judge Buel, the founder of that paper, was seriously partial to that plan—as old Dutch mode that will never become popular with farmers who speak clear English, and live by the profits of their business.

Bear with us a little longer—the New York papers have not recommended, this year, putting up grass in heaps as soon as it is cut, in order to keep its color green and exclude the sun. Ladies may appear better when not too much sunned—they are not so green as to require a tanning. But hay is a different article, and is sweeter after a good smacking of rays that turn it brown. Cattle love it better and it brings more in the market.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

FINE WOOL.

At a meeting of the Farmers' Club in New York, Mr. Fleischmann made some remarks on the wool of Merinoes. He said:—

The great desideratum to be obtained by the wool-grower, is to produce such staple as is demanded by the manufacturer. This is not well understood in this country, and it took forty years for the growers in Silesia to arrive at this knowledge, and then it was obtained only by a convention of the manufacturers and growers—a convention which he thought would be useful in this country. He classified the various staples of wool into nearly twenty different *staples*, as he termed them; each determined by the *curve*, or formation of the hair of the wool. In the perfect staple, the hair curves in the manner of spiral thread or corkscrew, equally from the root to the surface, and of equal fineness from one end to the other. Variations from this were termed the pointed staple, the untrue staple, the broom staple, &c., all of which could not be so well wrought into fine fabrics as the perfect staple. In the fine or perfect staple there are about eighty curves to the inch, and the fleece is about one and a half inch thick. The Germans have an instrument for measuring these curves. This fineness of wool, or the perfect staple, cannot be obtained at once. It took many years to attain it in Silesia. The number of these hairs to a square inch in a country sheep is about 5,500; in a mixture of the merino with the country of the tenth generation, about 18,000; in the twentieth generation the fine wool predominates, the color is darker, and there is plenty of yolk. In this generation there are 27,000 hairs to the square inch, and in the thirtieth generation and up